Tros Tyriusque nubi nullo discrimine agetur

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SIX MONTHS OF WILSON

BY THE EDITOR

"Who could have foreseen four years ago that a discredited and demoralized Democracy was about to be converted into an efficient, responsible instrument of government by men like Wilson, Underwood, and Simmons, whom a majority of the American people had hardly heard of?"—"New York World."

Yet it was foreseen and has been done—and that is the great achievement. All that had been predicated of the effectiveness of Woodrow Wilson has been realized. No President of the United States has demonstrated greater capacity for true leadership. None, barring Lincoln, was confronted at the outset by a larger number of perplexing problems. None has met his difficulties with more sagacity or resolved them more skilfully. Recognition of that fact is as universal and ungrudging as it is gratifying to all patriotic citizens whose faith in the potency of the individual survived all contingencies.

Much work is in process. Currency legislation awaits the judgment of the country and the action of Congress. The success or failure of the Administration's novel Mexican policy is yet to be determined. All other foreign matters, including the canal-tolls dispute with Great Britain, the im-

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portant treaty with Russia, the difficulty with Japan, the surprising proposal to Nicaragua, and the quite ridiculous arrangement with San Salvador, if not neglected, are at least held in abeyance. We may leave these and other pending subjects for future consideration.

But two acts of the deepest significance characterize the first half-year of the Wilson Administration. One is the enactment of a rational tariff bill, the other is the exemption of a class from prosecution under the Anti-trust Law.

The way for genuine tariff reduction was paved by Representatives Champ Clark and Oscar W. Underwood when they organized the House under new rules three years ago. Upon the bill then passed by the Democratic majority the National campaign was waged and won. No possible doubt of the intent of the country remained, and there was little hope for recalcitrancy. Nevertheless, the task of successful direction which President Wilson promptly and properly assumed would have daunted a less resolute spirit. How simply, how admirably, how persistently, and how successfully he performed that duty need hardly be recounted. To the great body of Democratic members of both Houses who placed the National weal above local considerations, no less than to Messrs. Underwood and Simmons, is due a large measure of credit for unselfish public service, but first honors for this signal achievement go necessarily and rightfully to President Wilson, the guiding and pacifying but unyielding mind. The Speaker, in his generous and manly tribute to the part played by the President, but voiced the gratitude of the Nation.

There is no need now to analyze or discuss a measure which, having become an accomplishment, must demonstrate itself. But there can be no doubt of "revision downward" when the average rate of duty is reduced from 40.12 per cent. to approximately 26 per cent. Neither is there left much room for cry of free trade under a tariff of 26 per cent. We frankly question the advisability of cutting off all of the revenue so easily derived from the tax on sugar, and we are uncertain of the fairness of "free wool," but these changes had become tenets of the Democratic faith, and the President was as fully warranted in insisting upon the keeping of the pledges as Mr. Underwood was justified in waiving his personal judgment.

Whether or not or to what extent the lowering of duties

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will reduce the "high cost of living" is a matter of speculation. Upon that point neither Mr. Wilson nor Mr. Underwood has ever ventured demagogic predictions. Both have held fast to the theory that, regardless of effects upon costs, competition is the very essence of freedom from monopoly and imposition. The President, indeed, went much further when in his Message he said:

"We must abolish everything that bears even the semblance of privilege or of any kind of artificial advantage, and put our business men and producers under the stimulation of a constant necessity to be efficient, economical, and enterprising, masters of competitive supremacy, better workers and merchants than any in the world. . . . The object of the tariff duties henceforth laid must be effective competition, the whetting of American wits by contest with the wits of the rest of the world."

This is no less than a positive demand for greater efficiency, a call upon labor and capital to co-operate in renewed endeavor to meet all comers upon an even basis in the markets of the world, an appeal to the spirit of both enterprise and patriotism. It is pitched upon the high key which won attention and held interest when Mr. Wilson began to enunciate his ideas and has the inspiring note which marks him at his best.

None can deny that, in this most difficult of domestic undertakings, President Wilson has kept the faith by unimpeachable methods and with the faithfulness, directness, and dignity which appeal most strongly to the American people.

The one big blot on the record of the Wilson administration is the initiation of class legislation, through the enactment of a statute which separates American citizens into two great bodies and exempts one of those bodies from the punishment prescribed by a specific law for criminal offenses. The exact words written into the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill are these:

"For the enforcement of anti-trust laws, $300,000: *Provided, however,* That no part of this money shall be spent in the prosecution of any organization or individual for entering into any combination or agreement having in view the increasing of wages, shortening of hours, or bettering the conditions of labor, or for any act done in furtherance thereof not in itself unlawful: *Provided further,* That no part of this appropriation shall be expended for the prosecution of producers of farm products and associations of farmers who co-operate and organize

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in an effort to and for the purpose to obtain and maintain a fair and reasonable price for their products."

This flagrantly discriminatory act is the culmination of efforts to that end exerted over a period of nearly a quarter of a century. The first attempt was made while the Sherman Anti-trust Bill was under consideration by the Senate, taking the form of an amendment proposed by Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island and reading as follows:

"*Provided,* That this act shall not be construed to apply to any arrangements, agreements, or combinations between laborers made with a view of lessening the number of hours of their labor or of increasing their wages; nor to any arrangements, agreements, associations or combinations among persons engaged in horticulture or agriculture made with the view of enhancing the price of their own agricultural or horticultural products."

The discussion took place on March 27th, 1890. After Senator John Sherman had declared succinctly that in his judgment "this amendment practically fritters away the substantial elements of this bill," Senator George F. Edmunds attacked the proposal in a speech of exceptional power, and, after full discussion, participated in by Senators Hoar, Platt, George, and Aldrich, the amendment was rejected. In view of the constantly reiterated assertion that the act was not designed to apply to labor unions and farmers' associations, the importance of this fact is both obvious and vital.

The makers of the law having refused to grant the discrimination, it became necessary to resort to subterfuge to obtain the exemption, and the scheme which has now attained fruition was hatched nearly twenty years ago. Both President McKinley and President Roosevelt were relieved by Congress from the necessity of meeting the issue, but persistence aided by circumstance finally crowned the efforts of Mr. Samuel Gompers with success, and the measure was placed before President Taft in the last days of his administration. His veto was prompt and incisive, reading in part as follows:

"This provision is class legislation of the most vicious sort. If it were enacted as substantive law and not merely as a qualification upon the use of moneys appropriated for the enforcement of the law, no one, I take it, would doubt its unconstitutionality.

"The proviso is subtly worded so as in a measure to conceal its full

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effect by providing that no part of the money appropriated shall be spent in the prosecution of any organization or individual 'for entering into any combination or agreement *having in view* the increasing of wages, shortening of hours, or bettering the conditions of labor,' etc. . . . So that any organization formed with the beneficent purpose described in the proviso might later engage in a conspiracy to destroy by force, violence, or unfair means any employer or employees who failed to conform with its requirements, and yet because of its originally avowed lawful purpose it would be exempt from prosecution so far as prosecution depended upon the moneys appropriated by this act, no matter how wicked, how cruel, how deliberate the acts of which it was guilty. So, too, by the following sentence in the act, such an organization would be protected from prosecution 'for any act done in furtherance' of 'the increasing of wages, shortening of hours, or bettering the condition of labor,' not in itself unlawful. But under the law of criminal conspiracy acts lawful in themselves may become the weapons whereby an unlawful purpose is carried out and accomplished.

"An amendment, almost in the language of this proviso, so far as it refers to organizations for the increasing of wages, etc., was introduced in the Sixty-first Congress and failed of enactment.

"Representative Madison characterized it as an attempt to 'write into the law, so far as this particular measure is concerned, a legalization of the secondary boycott. . . . The laws of this country,' he pointed out, 'are liberal to the working-man. He can strike, he can agree to strike, he can act under a leader in a strike, and he can apply the direct boycott; but when it comes to going further and so acting as to impede and obstruct the natural and lawful course of trade in this country, then the law says he shall stop. And all in the world that this anti-trust act does is to apply to him that simple and proper rule that he, too, as well as the creators of trusts and monopolies, shall not obstruct the natural and ordinary course of trade in the United States of America. I believe,' he added, 'in the high aims, motives, and patriotism of the American working-men, and do not believe that, rightly understanding this amendment, they would ask us to write it into the law of this republic.' (Congressional Record, p. 8850, 61st Cong. 2d sess.)

"It is because I am unwilling to be a party to writing such a provision into the laws of this Republic that I am unable to give my assent to a bill which contains this provision.

"WM. H. TAFT.

"THE WHITE HOUSE, *March, 4, 1913.*"

On the very calendar day when this veto was filed President Wilson was inaugurated.

On April 12th President Wilson summoned Senator Martin and Representative Fitzgerald, chairmen, respectively, of the Senate and House Committees on Appropriations, to the White House and expressed his wish that the Sundry Civil Bill, including the proviso, be reintroduced and passed. Announcement to this effect was made in the newspapers

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of April 13th, accompanied by the assertion that "President Wilson does not believe that the anti-trust act should be enforced against labor unions or co-operative associations of farmers."

Immediately upon the introduction of the bill in the House, in conformity with the President's suggestion, there arose a storm of indignant protest in every section of the country. Many Chambers of Commerce and merchants' associations adopted opposing resolutions, and the press without a dissenting voice urged the President to reconsider his determination. It was clear that the bill would become a law if he should refuse to do so. Democratic members of Congress could not antagonize both the President and the labor unions without inviting their own political ruin. Nevertheless, leading Democratic members did call upon the President and pledge their best endeavors to defeat the obnoxious proviso if he would lend his approval or acquiescence to their endeavor. The President declined to accede to this request, and the bill was passed by both Houses as an Administration measure.

The press and civic organizations renewed their opposition with great vigor, recalling insistently the Democratic party's pledge of "equal rights for all, special privilege for none," and even more particularly Mr. Wilson's many denunciations of "every form of special privilege and exemptions," his reiterated dedication of self to "the common as against any particular interest whatever," and his declaration to the very farmers concerned in this discriminatory legislation that he would be "ashamed of myself if I tried to stir up any feeling on the part of any class against any other class."

The venerable ex-Senator from Vermont, Mr. Edmunds, alarmed by the threatening infraction of the effectiveness of the Anti-trust Act of which he was the author, in a telegram from California, directed the President's attention to the fact that the proviso had been rejected originally by the makers of that great law, as it has been well designated by Senator Root, and "implored" him for his sake and his own to veto the bill.

On June 23d, after several weeks of deliberation, President Wilson affixed his signature to the measure whose introduction he had directed two months and ten days before, and so placed it upon the Federal statute-books.

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Such, in brief, is the history of the first law avowedly exempting a class from the operation of another law ever enacted in the United States.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the iniquitous nature of class legislation in general or of this Act in particular, since President Wilson was not only elected on repeated pledges of equal treatment for all, but has pronounced this very proviso "unjustifiable in character and principle."

Why, then, did he originally propose and finally approve it?

The President sets forth the grounds for his action in a memorandum which he filed as an accompaniment to his signature. We may consider them in the order presented.

"I have signed this bill because I can do so without in fact limiting the operation or the power of the Department of Justice to prosecute violations of the law by whomsoever committed."

A more exact way of putting it would have been to say that he had *not vetoed* the bill in view of the fact or assumption noted. Obviously there is nothing in this statement calling for or justifying affirmative action. If there were, a President would find in a mere negation full warrant for signing any measure, however heinous he might consider it to be. Suppose, for example, the proviso had been "That no part of this appropriation shall be expended for the prosecution of bankers for entering into combination or of associations of manufacturers who co-operate and organize," etc. Both situation and argument would have been identical. Surely if the restriction could be imposed in the one case "without in fact limiting the operation of the Department," so it could be in the other. But would President Wilson have considered this an adequate reason or any reason for signing such a bill? Moreover, is it more than technically true that the restriction does not limit operation? If other funds already in hand are sufficient "to prosecute violations of the law by whomsoever committed," why the need of this additional appropriation at all? Assuming that the sums provided do not suffice and must be increased, one fact and only one is certain, namely, that the added amount cannot be employed "to prosecute violations of the law by *whomsoever committed.*" And if it be proper to deprive the Department of the right to use a part of the general fund to prosecute labor unions and farmers'

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associations for "violations of the law," why should not the use of the remainder be refused? And is it not, in effect? Is it conceivable that the Department will withhold any portion of the inadequate funds already in hand for the prosecution of criminal offenses which may be "committed" by "whomsoever," *i. e.*, by labor unions and farmers' associations?

The President continues:

> "If I could have separated from the rest of the bill the item which authorized the expenditure by the Department of Justice of a special sum of $300,000 for the prosecution of violations of the anti-trust law I would have vetoed that item because it places upon the expenditures a limitation which is in my opinion unjustifiable in character and principle. But I could not separate it."

So there is a limitation, after all, a limitation so "unjustifiable in character and principle" that the President would have liked to veto it, but did not because he "could not separate it" from the rest of the bill. The implication seems to be that the President had no opportunity to act until the measure came to him in completed form for approval or disapproval, and that consequently he was forced to treat it as a whole and either accept that which was "unjustifiable in character and principle" or reject the part that was desirable. It is unthinkable, however, that the President meant to convey an impression so palpably false. Surely he could have separated the obnoxious proviso from the bill when he requested the chairmen of the two Appropriation committees to have the measure introduced and passed in the precise form which President Taft had indignantly repudiated. Surely, too, he could have acquiesced in the separation proposed to him by members of the House. True, when the bill came to him for official action, he was obliged to accept or reject it as it stood, but even then he could have insisted, as President Taft insisted, that Congress should cut off the hateful "rider." Congress might or might not have acceded to such a demand, but it is certainly significant that the bill was not even introduced until the President declared his willingness to accept it.

Nor is the exceptional influence which the President has exerted over Congress in other matters to be disregarded when calculating probabilities. At the very least and the very last he could have put the responsibility for refusing

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to enact a general Appropriation bill unless accompanied by an "unjustifiable" proviso where it belonged—upon the Congress itself. That is what President Taft did, no less to the satisfaction of the country than to the discomfort of many members. President Wilson, on the contrary, by his instigation, virtually relieved representatives in Congress of the opprobrium which would ordinarily and should, of course, have been visited upon them.

The President continues:

"I do not understand that the limitation was intended as either an amendment or an interpretation of the anti-trust law, but merely as an expression of the opinion of the Congress—a very emphatic opinion backed by an overwhelming majority of the House of Representatives and large majority of the Senate, but not intended to touch anything but the expenditures of a single small additional fund."

Passing over the difficulty of differentiating between an emphatic "expression of opinion" and an "interpretation," nothing could be more evident than that, whatever may have been the intention, the effect was a virtual amendment, since the power to enforce an act was explicitly denied. The proviso was and is, on its face, nothing else than a grant of privilege to a class to break a law with impunity. It is a novel suggestion in any case, if the President so meant his words to be construed, that the unusual size of a vote in the House of Representatives tends to relieve an Executive from his official responsibility, but when, as in this instance, the overwhelming majority was directly traceable to knowledge that the bill had the sanction of the President, it becomes absurd.

In conclusion, the President promises:

"I can assure the country that this item will neither limit nor in any way embarrass the actions of the Department of Justice. Other appropriations supply the Department with abundant funds to enforce the law. The law will be interpreted in the determination of what the Department should do by independent and I hope impartial judgments as to the true and just meaning of substantive statutes of the United States."

The matter of "limitation," having been once admitted, need not be considered further. But what does the President mean by his hint at the possession of "abundant funds" from "other appropriations" to "enforce the law"? That he intends really to use such funds in prose-

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cuting the exempted classes and thereby deliberately evade a law which plainly directs him to evade another law? Would that be regarded by the labor unions or could it be regarded by anybody as an act of good faith? The President was an essential party to the transaction; his approval was as requisite as the vote of Congress. Surely he would not belie his own signature.

On the other hand, it is impossible to believe that the suggestion of enforcement is mere pretense—an attempt to avert criticism for suspending without repealing a law enacted for the punishment of criminals. Nobody knows better than President Wilson that the fact that this "rider" does not alter the "substantive statutes" only increases the offense of such legislation. Nobody, at any rate, has denounced indirect and evasive work of this kind more sharply than he.

"Independent and impartial judgments as to the true and just meaning" of the Anti-trust Act suggests an opinion already formed. Inevitably we recall the uncontradicted announcement in the newspapers on the day after the President gave his original direction to Senator Martin and Representative Fitzgerald to the effect that "President Wilson does not believe that the Anti-trust Act should be enforced against labor unions or co-operative association of farmers." What the President does or does not "understand" to have been the intent of Congress in passing this hateful measure is of little consequence; it is the actuating and underlying purpose of the President himself, at whose behest Congress acted, that possesses real importance.

What, then, is the President's idea?

An indication of purpose or understanding can be found perhaps in the Senate debates of last May. The most outspoken champion of the exemption clause was Senator William Hughes of New Jersey, who owes his present official position to the personal support which he received from Mr. Wilson, and is commonly supposed to reflect the President's views.

"I have never feared, and I do not fear now," said Senator Hughes, "that the present Administration will use any of this particular fund, or any other fund, for the prosecution of organizations of labor. I am simply desirous of having the Senate retain this language in the bill because

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to strike it out would be to say that the Senate of the United States was against discriminating between organizations of labor and organizations of capital.

"It is true that it is class legislation in my judgment."

Senator Hughes concluded with this significant utterance:

"I will close by saying that I trust the time is not far distant when an opportunity will be given to the Senate to pass upon this question, not as a few lines appearing in the middle of an appropriation bill, but as a substantive proposition, not limiting or tying the hands of the Attorney-General in certain directions, but as saying to the Nation, and to the courts particularly, that it never was intended and is not now intended to prevent organizations of laboring men from combining to do the thing that they are permitted to do in the language of the proviso."

We have no doubt that Senator Hughes really believed and perhaps still believes that "it never was intended" to prevent labor organizations from combining. But President Wilson knew better. Former Senator Edmunds saw to that when he sent the telegram imploring the President to veto the bill. It is evident, too, that, whatever may have been Mr. Wilson's "understanding" of the intent of Congress, there was no shadow of doubt in the mind of his chief supporter in the Senate. The purpose was to say to the Nation, and "*to the courts particularly,*" that it never was and "*is not now* intended to prevent organizations of laboring men from combining to do the thing that they are permitted to do in the language of this proviso." In brief, the proviso was regarded by its sponsors as a mere precursor of a definite amendment of the "substantive statutes" to exempt one class from the punishment visited upon all other classes for criminal offenses against the law. Already signs appear that, encouraged by President Wilson's attitude, Mr. Gompers intends to urge this explicit proposal upon Congress at the coming regular session, in conformity with the prediction of Senator Hughes. The inevitableness of this consequence of the President's action was apparent from the beginning. It becomes evident, therefore, that unless the President can and will control and chain the forces opposed to the fundamental principle of "equal rights for all" which he himself has unloosed, the country will very soon face a determined struggle for class domination whose outcome every patriotic citizen must contemplate with the gravest foreboding.

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THE COCKPIT OF EUROPE

"PEACE, peace, when there is no peace," lamented the prophet. But even Jeremiah could hardly have imagined a situation so hopeless as that which, so vividly depicted elsewhere in this REVIEW by Mr. Tonjoroff, now confronts the hapless Balkan States.

In all their murderous history the Balkans have never known so terrible a year as that which is now drawing to its close. Never has such a vulture's feast been prepared; never has such a devil's dance gone on. Every frenzied passion of which human nature is capable has been let loose upon and is still decimating the hapless Peninsula. After thirteen months of warfare, during which states have soared to incredible pinnacles of glory only to be hurled to the dust and trampled on; during which a magical league of inveterate foes against their common oppressor has been turned into an internecine conflict of unexampled atrocity; during which an Empire has been overthrown and the boundaries of ancient kingdoms have wavered as though traced by a planchette, and lives have been sacrificed by the hundreds of thousands, and treasure squandered by the hundreds of millions, and new Principalities have been called into being, and three separate treaties of peace have been signed by soldiers and statesmen who at once set to work to undo them, and a yet more devastating struggle between the Great Powers has only been averted or postponed by a hair's breadth—after all this, stability and tranquillity are still as far to seek as ever, the Balkans remain a floating chaos of horrors, and every loathsome impulse that can degrade humanity is being spurred on to a yet deadlier activity. There is no peace in the Near East; there can hardly be said to be even a truce; civilization in those regions has for the moment given place to an insatiable and reciprocated lust to seize and plunder, to burn and slay.

Has nothing, then, been accomplished? Yes. Turkey in Europe is now confined to a wedge of which Adrianople is the apex; the vast bulk of her Empire has been wrenched from her for ever; and necessity, if not wisdom, will probably force her to concentrate more and more on her Asiatic provinces. There lies her real future, and though the temptation to seize the opportunity presented by the quarrels

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among her late conquerors and to reoccupy Adrianople was irresistible, it may prove a disaster to her own interests that she yielded to it. That she is still in Thrace is, at any rate, one of the reasons why it is hopeless for the present to expect a durable peace. Instead of reorganizing her Government, building up her finances, and developing her Asiatic territory, she will be constantly seduced into meddling with Balkan politics, playing off one Balkan state against another, and risking a renewal of the conflict with Bulgaria. Her diplomatic success in retrieving the fortunes of war has rendered her jubilant, headstrong, and obstinate. The military clique that controls her Government intends to remain in office at any cost. It is at this moment granting privileges, signing away concessions, and raising loans with a recklessness never exceeded in the palmiest days of Abdul Hamid; and with the money thus procured it has equipped an army of at least 300,000 men and is proceeding to negotiate a settlement with Greece in a spirit that, even before this article appears in print, may have precipitated another war.

But the real victim and the real hero of the kaleidoscopic events of the past twelve months has been Bulgaria. In that time she has tasted the sweetness of an unlooked-for triumph and the anguish of a yet more surprising and crushing defeat. She bore by far the major share of the war against Turkey; there even at one time seemed a prospect that she would capture Constantinople itself. Then when the Treaty of London had secured to her the fruits of victory, her statesmanship failed her, she grasped at too much, and in a moment of fatuous arrogance ruined everything. Her allies turned against her while the bulk of her armies were still tied up with the Turks; she offered a bloody but an ineffectual resistance; Rumania stepped in to complete her discomfiture; one by one the laurels were stripped from her, and after losing 150,000 men and spending between 300,000,000 and 400,000,000 dollars, she had to surrender all but a small *enclave* in Macedonia and a narrow strip of the Ægean coast with no desirable port and very uncertain and difficult access for a railway. Thrace went, Adrianople and Kirk Kilisse, the scenes of her most brilliant exploits, had both to be given up, and some 7,500 square kilometers of Bulgarian territory, with 180,000 inhabitants, were snatched from her by Rumania. It is doubtful whether there has

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ever been in history so swift a fall from so great a height. It will not be permanent. Bulgaria has both the will and the capacity to recover. Already she is plotting and working for her revenge; a Turco-Bulgarian alliance against Greece and Servia is even now a possibility of the next few weeks. Neither the Czar Ferdinand nor his people will rest till one or both of their late allies are made to bite the dust.

And at any moment the opportunity for a successful sally may present itself. The permutations and combinations of Balkan politics are without an end, and not half of them have been tried as yet. Albania on paper has been created an independent state and its frontiers delimited by the Powers; but the Albanians have taken matters into their hands and have invaded Servia, and are fixing the boundaries of their state as they go along. The Powers meanwhile look on helplessly; the harmony that hitherto has kept their differences under control shows some ominous signs of giving way; from the Adriatic to the Ægean there is hardly a square mile where life is secure; we may hear any day that Montenegro has made another dash for Scutari, that Bulgaria is profiting by the Albanian entanglement to fall upon Servia, that Turkey has declared war against Greece, that Rumania has discovered another pretext for claiming "compensation" at the expense of one of her neighbors, or even that Russia, her patience at length exhausted, has made a decisive gesture in the direction of Constantinople. The drama that began when the Allies over a year ago formed their league and made their memorable dash on Turkey has already run through three acts. The first ended with the Treaty of London, the second with the Treaty of Bucharest, the third with the Treaty of Constantinople. But there are many more acts still to come, and there is little reason to think they will be less brutal or convulsive than their predecessors.

What a spectacle and what a prospect in the twentieth century of Christianity!

THE CURRENCY BILL

THAT is a very interesting pen-picture of the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency which appears upon other pages of this REVIEW—interesting in itself and doubly inter-

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esting because it is drawn by the President of the greatest National bank in the country. Mr. Vanderlip does not conform to the countryfied impression of a Wall Street man. He was born in Illinois and began work as a reporter for a Chicago newspaper, subsequently becoming financial editor and then editor of the *Economist*. In 1897 he was appointed Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury and served four years under Lyman J. Gage. Then he became successively Vice-President and President of the National City Bank of New York. As a trustee of the Carnegie Foundation, he was associated with Mr. Woodrow Wilson, who regarded him highly until he grew to distrust all bankers. When Mr. Wilson's application for a pension was rejected by the trustees of the Foundation, Mr. Vanderlip was suspected by some of Mr. Wilson's friends of having made the fact public with unfriendly intent, but there was no truth in this surmise; in reality, he was one of the minority who voted to make the grant. Whether or not any part of the prejudice that once existed against Mr. Vanderlip still remains in President Wilson's mind is a question of some importance, because upon the answer probably depends the general attitude of the Administration respecting his suggestions. In any case, the Committee charged with the duty of formulating this most vital legislation made no secret of their admiration and appreciation of the ability, frankness, breadth, and patriotism manifested by Mr. Vanderlip at the hearing in Washington; and it bodes well for sagacious accomplishment through honest and honorable co-operation that he, in turn, bore away the favorable impression which he records upon other pages.

There is in the pending bill, in Mr. Vanderlip's judgment, "far more to commend than to deprecate"—in about the proportion of 80 to 20 per cent., he told the newspapers. But the 20 per cent. of defects he finds very serious indeed, and he presents his reasons for this opinion with a clearness which cannot fail to illuminate many minds which have been befogged by technicalities.

We suspect that Mr. Vanderlip's opinion, based upon his talks with the Senate Committee, that "but for political exigencies practically every member would favor the creation of one central reserve reservoir," is correct. Such, at any rate, seems to be the judgment of well-informed and disinterested persons generally. And yet a proposal to that

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effect is scouted from all sides because, forsooth, "the American people will never stand for a central bank." What nonsense! Are "the American people" so dense that they cannot discriminate between a bank conducted by Nicholas Biddle and a bank controlled by the United States Government? President Jackson made his great fight upon Mr. Biddle's concern, not because it was a single and exclusive institution, but because it was owned and managed by individuals who held no official responsibility. That is precisely President Wilson's position to-day. He believes that the credits of the country are privately, even monopolistically, controlled by a few to the advantage of a few and unjustly to the many. His chief purpose is to rectify that condition by vesting in the Government itself "the power to control and guide and direct" those credits. Whether the instrument created to perform this work shall be one or four or twelve banks is obviously a matter, not of principle, but of practicability. The "political exigencies" referred to have no basis whatever except presumed prejudice against a name —a prejudice which, if not already obsolete, could readily be dispelled from all rational minds by the simplest explanation.

The chief difficulty in solving a problem like this lies in such prepossessions. Senator Aldrich bitterly denounces the pending measure for no other reason that we can detect in his long speech than that Mr. Bryan upholds it; Mr. Bryan retorts characteristically that the mere fact that Mr. Aldrich opposes the bill is sufficient evidence of its worth; Chairman Glass insists vehemently that the bill is perfect because it is *his* bill; other Representatives are no less positive that it is ruinous because it is not theirs; and so it goes. Fortunately the members of the Senate Committee, as Mr. Vanderlip observes, are not only sensible of their great responsibility, but are eager to profit from all obtainable information. Chairman Owen alone, according to common report, has two score or more of amendments ready for submission at the proper time.

Nor do we understand that the President's mind is in any sense closed as to details. Currency legislation is one of the subjects about which he does not assume to possess all knowledge in existence. Moreover, he cannot but recognize the danger to both the country and his administration from enactment of an ill-considered measure which vitally con-

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cerns every corporate and personal interest in the land. If an object lesson pointing the need of care in detail were required at all, it has been found already in the blunder which has brought the new tariff law into direct conflict with existing treaties.

What the President objects to is not careful consideration or advantageous amendment, but unnecessary delay. We do not suppose for a moment that he anticipates final action upon the bill in the few remaining weeks of this session, but his insistence that no time be lost serves an admirable purpose in keeping the subject wholly alive and in evoking discussion which cannot fail to be enlightening and beneficial to an exceptional degree. The attention of the country is now riveted upon a National necessity which hitherto has been recognized but vaguely and timorously—and that in itself is no mean achievement, for which President Wilson deserves undivided credit and unstinted praise.

THE SACRIFICE OF SULZER

Nobody except the person most directly concerned questions the justice of the verdict against William Sulzer. Even he does not deny the main facts upon which he was adjudged guilty. His plea for consideration is one of extenuation. Because of his intent and effort to do his duty his own offenses against the law should be pardoned. That is substantially all that he can find to say. And we have no doubt that he is quite honest in his opinion to that effect and in his belief that he has been wronged. John Trumbull's famous aphorism still stands.

For ourselves, we sympathize with Mr. Sulzer because we regard him as a victim, not of injustice or persecution, but of circumstances which have grown out of a popular trend that is charged with menace to American government. That Mr. Sulzer was never fit to be Governor of the State of New York is no new discovery. That was as well known before he was nominated as it is to-day. True, the moral obliquity which he has now revealed was not then suspected, but there was never any doubt of his mental incompetency. A rattle-brained demagogue he always was and always appeared to be.

Why, then, was he nominated for Governor at a time when

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the election of any honorable and capable member of his party was a certainty? There can be but one answer. Because he was " popular "; because he was " a plain man of the people "; because he was " strong with the Jews "; because he was " a true Progressive "; because his candidacy would fortify the National ticket. The fitness of the man for the most important and exacting executive position, with one exception, in the country was never even considered by those who were responsible for his nomination. In their minds was no question of principle; it was wholly a matter of expediency. And so the poor, unbalanced egotist was raised to a place of the highest authority, only to fail inevitably, to wreck his own life, to fetch contumely upon a great State, and to humiliate the whole American commonwealth in the eyes of the world. A pitiful ending, truly! But if the outcome shall be an awakening of the public mind to realization of the need of superior intelligence, no less than of fine professions, in high places, the merciless sacrifice of Sulzer to the ambitions and designs of others may not have been in vain.

It is not surprising that Mr. Roosevelt should have felt impelled to proffer advice and sympathy to the " dear Governor " who had betrayed his trust. The impeachment was a triumph of law and of method prescribed by the Constitution for the discharge of faithless public servants. A more severe blow to the precious doctrine of " recall " could hardly be imagined. To offset the effect it was clearly necessary to divert attention and becloud the issue, and Mr. Roosevelt responded glibly to Mr. Sulzer's instinctive appeal for help and comfort.

" We have never seen," he wrote, " a more startling example of the power of the invisible government under the present system. The extraordinary thing is that the conservative upholders of this present system should have witnessed the decrees of the invisible government carried out within twenty-four hours, and who nevertheless denounce as revolutionary our proposal for changes in the form of government whereby the deliberate judgment of the majority of the voters may be executed within a space of time no shorter than that required for the execution of their deliberate judgment in the choice of a President of the United States."

The proven fact that Mr. Sulzer had violated his oath of

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office, had broken the law, had taken for his gambling operations moneys contributed for campaign purposes, had made false returns, had tried to instigate perjury, meant nothing to Mr. Roosevelt. The " extraordinary thing " was that he had been caught and punished, thus demonstrating—what? Why, nothing else, to be sure, than that the " present system " is bad and ineffective, and that " changes in the form of government " are not only not " revolutionary " but are positively essential. For the verdict rendered by a High Court acting under established rules of evidence he would substitute " the deliberate judgment of the majority of the voters," precisely as he would submit judicial decisions to popular vote, to be upheld or set aside in conformity with the dictates of prejudice, partisanship, or passing caprice rather than of equity and of right.

When we contemplate Mr. Roosevelt's hardy insistence that the adoption of his great idea is made manifest by the *success* of the constitutional procedure against his guilty friend, we cannot pretend to imagine the vehemence and power of his argument in the possible event of *failure* of like procedure against a guilty enemy.

It was but natural that Mr. Sulzer should appeal to Mr. Roosevelt in his hour of distress and to expect, as he declares with apparent justification he does expect, to be reinstated in public office by the Progressive party.

But let there be no confused thinking. Whether or not or for what reason Tammany instigated the impeachment of Mr. Sulzer, it was not Tammany, but Mr. Sulzer, who was put on trial. And the High Court nobly justified both the Constitution and itself. During the coming week Tammany will be brought before the bar of public opinion in the New York City election. Now let us see what the people will do.

HUMILIATING THE VICE-PRESIDENT

" GOVERNMENT," said Vice-President Marshall sternly in his speech of acceptance, " is a necessity and not a luxury." Hence the need of the most rigid economy in public expenditures. Hence, too, the obligation of those occupying high places to set an example of simple and unostentatious living. How firmly and how frequently the Vice-President has

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preached this Jeffersonian doctrine is known to all the world; aye, even to the Senate of the United States. And yet what did that prankish body do but add an appropriation of seven thousand dollars of the people's money to the Urgent Deficiency bill for the purchase of a new automobile for the use of its presiding officer? Not only so, but, knowing full well that such conduct would evoke vehement protest from the unwilling beneficiary, it took a mean advantage of his temporary absence from the chair and passed the amendment, so to speak, behind his back. The fact that he already had one motor-car was duly noted, but it was weakly urged that his good lady wanted another.

No wonder the Vice-President blushed when he returned to his high place. He was humiliated beyond measure. But what could he do or say? That he would not be a party to such extravagance? That he would not use or even permit his good lady to use a costly additional vehicle paid for from the proceeds of the toil of the starving masses? Perhaps. But such a declaration would have involved a confession that for one brief instant his eternal vigilance, so often and so eloquently depicted by himself as the price of liberty, had relaxed. There was danger, moreover, that some malicious maligner might insinuate that he had forsaken his place of authority at the psychological moment by private arrangement with the proposer of the amendment.

It was a most embarrassing situation, as any one can see, but Mr. Marshall met it like a true Indianian with dignity and courage. Sternly repressing the temptation which occasionally besets him to make a few remarks, he maintained a silence that was more indignant than the most scorching of denunciations could have been. Fortunately the House of Representatives came nobly to the rescue of the Vice-President and struck out the obnoxious provision by a vote of 147 to 51. This considerate action imparts to Mr. Marshall's virile tongue a new freedom, and presently, we are informed, he will express in no measured terms his abhorrence of the conduct of the faithless body over which it is his misfortune to preside.

We trust that the rumor is unfounded. We crave the Vice-President's indulgence for those Senators whose intent at least was kindly. We beg him to recall his own

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beautiful words in the speech of acceptance aforesaid—" At its best, human nature is weak "—and be merciful.

THE PROGRESSING COLONEL

SINCE the Democratic party now occupies the National stage, we had not intended to indulge in speculation respecting other political organizations at this time. Nor shall we do so in any comprehensive way because of the value which should attach to time and space. And yet we cannot wholly ignore the suspicion that, if ever remarks are to be adventured concerning the Progressive party, they would better be set forth without delay, to avert a quite strong probability that presently there will be nothing of the kind to write about.

Splendid as was the showing made by Colonel Roosevelt's aggregation of diversified inhabitants last year, many there were, nevertheless, who regarded it, in the light of history, as no more than a flash in the pan. To-day " flash " seems as a term to have been unwarrantably strong; " flicker " apparently would have been more accurate. So far this year, whenever a Progressive candidate has appeared upon the horizon the electors have turned their backs and walked away with astonishing unanimity. By Mr. Roosevelt's direction the party put forward in Maine its two best feet—meaning Mr. Beveridge and Mr. Garfield—to no effect. The total vote polled was larger than that cast in the National election, but the Progressive portion was cut in half. In an Illinois district which last year gave Mr. Roosevelt 5,678 votes, the total in the Progressive column last month was only 65. This is an extreme case which may have been influenced by the fact that the candidates were for the bench and not subject to recall, but generally the results have been most disheartening to eminent leaders like Sir George Perkins and Lord William Flinn, who continue to be dissatisfied with the environment of their growing children. During the coming week further indications will be afforded, notably in New York City, New Jersey, and Massachusetts. We frankly look for the worst.

So, too, we infer, does Colonel Roosevelt. Else he would hardly have sailed away so far at a time so inopportune. True, he vowed eternal allegiance to the deathless Progres-

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sive principles from the quarter-deck while the stokers below were trying to coax up another variety of steam, but the reporters returned curiously unimpressed. Even a quite broad hint that one William Barnes should not be universally acclaimed a wholly veracious citizen failed to evoke excitement. The simple, sad, and singular fact that the Colonel was going away from here in time of need was too significant to be shrouded even by his most dexterous diversions.

We were interested to observe that Colonel Roosevelt felt impelled to express personal disapproval of President Wilson's words and deeds before sailing. He spoke through the *Century* instead of through the *Outlook,* for reasons best known perhaps to the bewildered publishers of the latter periodical. After lamenting the "utter incoherence" which, as everybody has noticed, has characterized the Democratic party since Mr. Wilson assumed leadership, and denouncing the passage of the Underwood bill as a perpetuation of "the principles of evil tariff-making," he declares as emphatically as ever and more truthfully than usual that the bill which had not yet become a law had *not* reduced the cost of living. "*Therefore,*" etc., etc.

Colonel Roosevelt also informs us that he had "read with care" Mr. Wilson's collection of thoughts published as "The New Freedom." He thought little of it. In the first place, he could not make out what the author was driving at, and, secondly, he doubted if he was driving at all. Swimming is what he would have suggested if he had thought of it. What he did know was that Mr. Wilson had made "repeated, detailed, and specific misrepresentations of the Progressive position so gross that"—and so forth and so forth again. That may or may not be so. If something more definite than high-sounding "social and industrial reform" had been presented as the crux of those wonderful principles, perhaps we could tell. Even so, we have our doubts, because, to speak with candor, we experienced no little difficulty ourselves in determining the precise points where sense began and nonsense ceased in that curious admixture of surmises and nostrums to which Mr. Wilson attached his captivating title.

Be that as it may, Colonel Roosevelt sailed away wholly dissatisfied with the way the President is carrying on. Seemingly he had in his mind's eye one who could give a far

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more praiseworthy performance as leading man in the White House. That, at any rate, is the thought which he left with us to be cherished and sunk deep in our unsophisticated understandings.

Well, so be it. We will think it over. Meanwhile, we shall miss the Colonel more than pen can tell. There have been times when it was difficult to meet his views with rapt enthusiasm or even in full accord, but his rugged deliverances in the *Outlook* have never failed to evoke emotions more poignant than can possibly be aroused by the tempered utterances of Dr. Lyman Abbott and Hamilton W. Perhaps.

A safe and sane return, then, to our most picturesque and engaging Colonel!

THE TRAGEDY OF THE CONTENTNEA

THE prenatal discussion pertained to his name. He was to be a boy and braver than lions; that was certain. Hence Daniel. And he was to possess vast literary gifts with power of immeasurable loquacity. So Josephus. But should it be Josephus Daniel or Daniel Josephus? That was the question. But he might be twins. There was a possible contingency to be provided for. Josephus Daniels then it was, by universal assent.

The happy event took place at Washington, North Carolina, on the left bank of the river Tar, on May 18th, 1862. And the lad throve very much as the original Josephus tells us Moses did. His hair was fair, his eyes blue, and his form lithe. He was endowed, too, with curiously winning ways which served well to temper the intrepid spirit and marvelous garrulity which had been anticipated.

We have no record of the youth of Josephus except the impression which still abides in the hearts of old residents that he was the joy of Washington. Even then, his childish prattle was so fascinating that the rugged mountaineers who toiled by day made pilgrimages to the town by night to hear him talk in his sleep. At the comparatively early age of fifteen ambition stirred within the breast of Josephus and he resolved upon an abrupt departure from the place of his birth in search of culture. Westward he turned his toes, unaccompanied by retinue of any kind, and in the short space of three days, going by way of Old Sparta, he encompassed

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the distance—by no means inconsiderable, as all now must recognize—from Washington to Wilson. Naturally there was no lack of pedagogues in a town of that name, and it was with the greatest ease that Josephus acquired a university education at the Collegiate Institute. Having become notoriously proficient after three years of studious application, at the age of eighteen he assumed the editorship of the Wilson (N. C.) *Advance*, a journal of the highest type whose political tendencies are indicated by its title. There he was admitted to the bar, but for some reason not noted in the American Biography, he "did not practise"! he only preached.

The year 1885 marked the turning-point in the career of Josephus Daniels. Wilson, oddly enough, though classical, was circumscribed, and the brilliant young journalist experienced a long-felt want for a wider sphere of usefulness and renown. So it came about that he applied for and obtained the position of editor of the Raleigh *State Chronicle*. And then ensued the most remarkable and regrettable personal tragedy recorded in the annals of modern journalism.

The information having been conveyed surreptitiously through the columns of the *Advance* that the editor proposed to make the journey to the scene of his future triumphs by water, admiring friends and fellow-countrymen conspired and combined and purchased for his use a canoe. It was a blithesome day in June when, to the music of many plaudits, Josephus embarked upon his tiny but fearless Dreadnought and set paddle down the winding Contentnea. Past the cheering multitudes upon the teeming wharves of Stantonsburg and Snow Hill he glided gracefully as a swan, and on the third day entered the woodland. Awearied by his unwonted exertions, at nightfall he landed and slept upon the boughs provided for such purposes by Nature. Arising refreshed by gentle slumber and inspired by the singing of the birds, he detached large areas of bark from trees and wrote thereon his first editorial "For the Raleigh *State Chronicle*, by Josephus Daniels." It was entitled "On a Balmy Morn on the Contentnea," and when finally published filled seven overwrought columns. Then on and on he wended his way into the dark and gruesome forest, gay as a lark in seeming solitude.

But danger lurked in the deep recesses of that noxious swamp. The unsuspecting Josephus was not unseen. Had

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he looked up he would have beheld a pair of ferocious eyes glittering through the branches of a noble tamarack. And back of the eyes was a wild man of the forest, unclad from birth, but shrouded by the leaves, clinging with feet and hands and with the ease of long experience to the boughs. That night, when the moon shone high, Josephus slept as only the pure and just can sleep on prickly limbs, but not for long. Stirring restlessly from instinct of peril, he awoke with a start to behold hovering gloatingly over him that breathing specter of the forest. Leaping quickly to his feet, our hero turned upon his enemy the proud, fearless gaze of a Daniel in a lions' den. And there they stood, these two, for several trying moments, steadfastly regarding each other. Although one was the finest type of our modern civilization and a college graduate, and the other was only an untutored embodiment of aboriginal existence, physically they were not ill-matched. There was the light of like intelligence, too, upon both countenances. Neither was armed with gun or club.

Finally, responding to the impulse of habit, Josephus spoke and the other listened in grim and contemptuous silence. A long time Josephus spoke, calmly, amiably, ingratiatingly, until, weakened by lack of nourishment, for an instant he hesitated and, as almost always happens in that contingency, was lost. It was then the other's turn. From his open mouth there issued a succession of words slowly at first, and then, as hour after hour sped by, more and more rapidly until they became a veritable torrent. And ceaseless. There seemed to be and probably would never have been an end but for the surprise of the speaker at the sudden collapse of his victim. Then he stopped and, leaning over the prostrate body, quickly convinced himself of the truth. His face lit up with fiendish glee. He had performed a miracle. *He had talked Josephus Daniels to death.*

Two weeks later a canoe, propelled with the ease and skill of the forest-born, passed up the river Neuse to the Raleigh wharf, and the sole occupant, alighting nonchalantly, sought the office of the *State Chronicle*. There he found the proprietors awaiting the advent of their brilliant new editor. One of them offered him a hand, but he gave no sign in return, appearing, as was remarked subsequently, as one unfamiliar with that form of salutation. But he bowed with a grace that seemed a fit accompaniment of his wrinkled crash

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trousers and, advancing with the utmost dignity and composure, placed upon the table many sheets of bark. The most venerable proprietor, selecting the topmost, adjusted his spectacles and read "On a Balmy Morn on the Contentnea." Sighing slightly as he noted the length of the essay, he turned, nevertheless, with dauntless mien to his associates and said:

"It is he who we feared was lost. It is Josephus Daniels. Welcome, sir, to our city."

And to this day—but why recount the familiar episodes that have marked the career of that famous one since that epoch-making day? Why, at any rate, recount them in this number?

But deep and mournful and unceasing is the soughing of the pines over the lonely grave on the left bank of the Contentnea, and even unsophisticated children draw away affrighted from the forks which signify the joining of the creek and the majestic river Neuse.

THE INTELLECTUAL GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

It is a trite and true remark that the game or business of golf has received a marked impetus in our native land during the present year, chiefly as a consequence of the notable triumph at Brookline of the young man whose name seems to have been constructed to facilitate the exercise of punning. We ourselves, in common with a vast majority of our fellow-countrymen, have not been insensible to the added zest which has been the happy and inevitable consequence of that remarkable achievement. But our deeper interest lies in another and more subtle phase of the progress of the ancient and quite honorable pastime. It is the psychology rather than the practice of the game that grips our attention. Consequently we are ever on the lookout for those who possess not only clear understanding, but also that power of explicit expression which affords real enlightenment.

Now it may not be generally recognized from Portland to Portland and from Great Lakes to Gulf that, when one in this vicinity goes forth to seek the deeper intellectuality no less than the higher criticism, he turns instinctively to the aloof cloisters occupied by our able journalists. That, how-

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ever, is the fact which enables us at this time to record the conclusion of a contest which thus far has escaped mention in the public prints. The story shall be brief.

It must be going on a dozen years now since signs began to appear in the determined columns of our neighbor, the *Times,* that Doctor-Editor Charles R. Miller was succumbing to the fascination of golf. We followed his career as indicated by his published meditations with avid hope of deriving both practical and theoretical benefit. His orthodoxy became our creed, and as long as we worshiped from afar our blind faith continued unshaken. But when once upon a time circumstances brought us to closer quarters and with our own ears we heard our distinguished mentor remark complacently as he walked from the eighteenth green that he "had him three up," the idol was shattered beyond hope of repair.

The next to loom upon our horizon was Doctor-Editor Edward P. Mitchell, whose matchless diction in our neighbor, the *Sun,* had long atoned for the perverse contrariety of his political judgments. That was a halcyon period. We can recall to this day the admiration we felt at frequent intervals of our own perspicacity in reading between Doctor Mitchell's exquisite lines the explanations which he was wont to adduce of his own failures and disappointments on the links. What, for example, could be more delicate than this:

"If Cicero had played golf the probability is that his *De Senectute* would never have been written and the modern schoolboy would have been spared many laborious hours, for the links would have claimed the leisure that he devoted to that dignified treatise. But had he in the evenings found time to philosophize concerning old age, the resulting pages, we may be sure, would have read very differently. We should have been sagely directed not to strive for distance unattainable by those in whose limbs the sap of life no longer runs fresh and vigorous, but to pit our wisdom and experience against the lustier sinews of youth; we should have been warned that by keeping straight down the middle of the course we might sapiently avoid those many pitfalls by the way into which reckless youth is apt to rush; finally, we should have been advised to devote ourselves above all else to the study of the short approach and the contemplation of the putt. There would have been encomiums on golf as the teacher of patience and resignation in adversity; there would have been severe reprobation for those whose virtue is not steeled against the temptation to forget a stroke, and the peroration would have been devoted to a panegyric of the game as the single occupation that never stales from the cradle to the grave, and that takes rank, along with friendship, as among the greatest of the graciously permitted consolations of old age.

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"There is a golf course to-day on the Roman Campagna within sight of the old Appian Way. Cicero would have seen it as he passed that way into exile, and, we may be sure, would have lost no time in confiding to his correspondent Atticus his gloomy speculations as to whether good golf would be obtainable where he was going. It is certainly a misfortune for posterity that Cicero never, as the poet might have written,

'Drove a ball in furious guise
Along the Appian Way.'"

Even now we hold Doctor-Editor Mitchell, as a classical golfer, in reverence and awe.

But a greater has arisen—one whose proven intrepidity and splendid enthusiasm compel an admiration which makes his predecessors appear as one-franc-fifty each. It happened in the famous Seniors' Tournament at Apawamis after a fashion more sudden, surprising, and sensational to our mind than the widely heralded event at Brookline. It is an odd fact that we had never thought of Doctor-Editor Rollo Ogden as one of sufficient years to constitute eligibility in such a contest. The constant joy, the high optimism, the ebullient buoyancy invariably permeating his editorials in the *Evening Post* had effectually dissipated any thought or idea of association with maturity. Imagine, then, our surprise when we beheld his respected name among those of the sturdy 270 of fifty-five or over! What happened to him subsequently in a practical way we have no means of ascertaining. Nor would we, if we could, rend the veil. The important fact is that seemingly, after the first round, he found ample time in which to set down for publication in his aged but cheery journal the results of his calm reflections. It is to that illuminating exposition of the effect of golf not merely upon an ardent though somewhat austere temperament, but upon the very form of literary expression, that we would direct attention. But let us hasten onward.

What could more aptly depict the spirit of a true enthusiast than Doctor-Editor Ogden's exultant remark at the outset that "it marked the climax of the greatest golf year the world has ever known—*and the end is not yet*"? A climax, indeed! But to continue:

"Now comes the startling victory of Ouimet, another young man who has hardly graduated from his teens, and accomplishing with one fell swoop what sterling professionals the world over have been aching to do for years—take the measure of Vardon or Ray."

Note how simply and naturally, without pretense of any

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kind, attention is here directed to the first fell swoop our beloved country has beheld since the earthquake struck the Golden Gate. And how true, how almost sadly true, is this:

"The amateur and open champions may go round courses in par figures, in the low seventies, but when they reach the age of eighty-one, which is that of the venerable Milne, it may be said that they will not duplicate his feat of handing in a 93 gross."

It may indeed be said not only that they will be venerable at eighty-one, but also that they will not duplicate the feat. In fact, it should be as it has been said, and well said, with conviction and without reservation. And yet—

"When it is considered, the Scarsdale veteran first played golf when he was twelve years old on the old Montrose links in Scotland, back in 1844, when the present-day type of clubs was scarcely more than in the embryo, and the feather ball was the one in general use, if the golfer was handy enough to be able to make his own, Milne's success now is all the more praiseworthy."

Here for the first time we learn that in golf experience is a handicap. It is a wholly new theory, as novel as the original suggestion that the world is round; yet who, we ask in full candor and sincerity, can demonstrate the contrary?

"Here was a man, second oldest of a notable gathering of 270 or more golfers, many of whom were men of fame, and still beating out in actual strokes the big field of younger players. It goes to show rather strikingly that golf is a universal game, so far as age is concerned, and that it can be played well by the aged as well as by the young."

The proof is conclusive. Defeating the youngsters of sixty and thereabouts was not so striking in itself, but when it is considered that they were "men of fame," the deduction of hope for the aged becomes irresistible. Looking forward, as our esteemed President would say:

"Golf is not a craze. It has come to stay. All 'doctors' agree on that point. Millions of dollars are invested in club properties and in establishments for the manufacture of equipment. Investments are not made hastily. The American young man of five tender summers is not taught golf. In England he is, especially if he happens to be one of the nobility or crowding close to the border of the line between democracy and aristocracy. There is, perhaps, the one place where Britain has been America's superior in golf. Over here the young man takes it up in his teens. He is bred with it over there."

Yes; like the poor and Roosevelt and Bryan, golf is to be with us always; but is there not a hint here worthy of serious consideration? We do not want the Britishers to

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beat us in the future. Why, then, sacrifice those first five tender summers? Why not, as they do, breed with golf? That, we are confident, is the pregnant question to which Doctor Ogden seeks an answer. But—

"To return to the international phase of golf, there is still before us another international meeting in which it will be determined whether or not the women of America will be as successful in repelling the boarders as their compatriots of the sterner sex. It will be only three weeks more before the golfers of two continents will again have their ears to the ground longing for the results from Wilmington. Will it be Miss Margaret Curtis, of Essex County, Massachusetts, who will be successful; the new metropolitan champion, Miss Marion Hollins, of Westbrook, or some of those who have already made names for themselves in golf? Then, again, it may happen that some girl of tender years will step into the breach, as Ouimet has done. If this should happen, there would be no holding the enthusiasm of the Americans."

The suggestion that the young women mentioned have not already "made names for themselves" we regard as hardly warranted. Nor can we applaud the inference that they are not in years sufficiently tender to be able to step into an undivided garment. But the spectacle of two continents holding their longing ears to the ground is vivid and, we believe, not out of bounds. As to any putative attempts to hold the enthusiasm of Americans in the happy contingency foreseen, we vote as emphatically no as we would against a reactionary proposal at a Progressive primary. Let joy at least be unconfined!

In conclusion, Doctor Ogden heralds the prospective visit to these shores of Messrs. Taylor and Duncan as "a situation devoutly to be wished." Why he should have administered this inferential, though gentle, rebuke to the immortal bard for using or misusing, as one may prefer, the strong old word "consummation" we have no means of ascertaining; but we would not cavil upon an occasion such as this. Without further ado about nothing we now award the Intellectual Golf Championship to Doctor-Editor Rollo Ogden and firmly place the traditional laurel wreath upon a brow which towers nobly to a climax whose end is not yet.

COMMENT

THERE was little need for President Wilson to deny the story that he had abandoned the custom of holding Cabinet

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meetings. There is no provision of law requiring him to do so; indeed, the Cabinet itself is a body unknown to the Constitution. Common counsel is, of course, an established tenet of the new dispensation, but there is nothing to prevent the President from making up his own mind before taking it. Mr. Bryan described the process rather neatly in one of his more recent speeches in these simple words:

"I am near enough to the President to be able to form an opinion of him, and I have never yet found a man who more completely has my confidence than has Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States. I have an opportunity to hear his views expressed in private as well as in public. I have heard him discuss questions where there were no reporters to take down what he says, and I say to you I have never met a man with more singleness of purpose than, nor one whose ideals were higher or whose moral courage was greater than his; but to my mind the chief advantage with Woodrow Wilson is that he is in a position to make up his own mind. Nobody makes it up for him and no one assists him in judging what is right. The advisers selected by him may bring him information in regard to questions before their various departments, but it is a great advantage to have a President who is willing to think for himself, decide for himself."

If the kinetic Secretary of State feels that he is "near enough" to the President while in Biddeford, Maine, we fail to see why the static members of the Cabinet should complain.

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, one-time editor of the *English Review,* wrote in his Reminiscences that Mr. Arnold Bennett had quarreled with him over the price of a story. Whereupon Mr. Bennett writes to the *Outlook:*

"This is not so. I accepted without protest the sum which he paid to my agent. Soon afterwards he asked me to dinner. I replied in sorrow that I could not come to dinner, as I considered that he had done me in the eye over the price of the short story. He wrote to ask me by how much I considered he had done me in the eye. I answered, by at least ten pounds. He sent me a cheque for ten pounds. I attended his dinner. We have been excellent friends ever since."

Resumption of the *entente cordiale* upon a thoroughly English basis! But how much, we wonder, would Mr. Hueffer have had to pay Mr. Bennett if he had done him in the ear or, say, in the neck?

"An immigrant boy who became the greatest editor of his time," is the way our neighbor Mr. Samuel S. McClure is characterized, in connection with the publication of his

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interesting autobiography. High praise, indeed! Greater than Greeley, Raymond, Dana, Bowles, Bennett, Medill, Halstead, Pulitzer, or Watterson. Greater than Alden, Howells, Aldrich, Holland, Gilder, or Curtis. To win undoubted pre-eminence in company such as that is surely an achievement worth recording in every phase and detail. In view of the fact, moreover, that the characterization appears upon the title-page of our discriminating contemporary, *McClure's Magazine*, it may safely be regarded as authoritative. We shall peruse Miss Willa Sibert Cather's *Autobiography of Mr. McClure* with zestful appreciation.

Oddly enough Mr. Harvey has little or nothing to say about Ireland, and discusses home rule in a single line as virtually an accomplished fact."—*The Evening Sun.*

We were writing about Mr. Asquith, not about Ireland. Even so, the seriousness of the Ulster situation has been grossly exaggerated for partisan purposes.

We respectfully suggest to Mr. Julian Hawthorne that he disguise himself as Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne and write A Convict's Impressions of the Life of a Country Gentleman.

The New Freedom in Congress! No recess for the second class; the first class will stay after school to complete its lesson.

We boldly predict the election of the Prohibition candidate for District Attorney of New York.

The impression seems to be growing that a publicist must be either a prude or a pervert.

A man must be pretty thin to hide behind a woman's skirts nowadays.

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FIFTY YEARS OF ANTHROPOLOGY

BY PROFESSOR ERNST HAECKEL

A FOREWORD

The recent International Medical Congress in London, with its anthropological discussions, gives an added interest to the following brief paper by Professor Ernst Haeckel. In this pithy article the famous German scientist once more gives us a simple restatement of his scientific principles and of those philosophical doctrines which he has logically evolved from them. The man who has peered so deeply into the cryptic past and so far into the prophetic future, here recounts to us something of the beginnings of the great struggle for the theory of evolution—already so remote!—yet little more than half a century old. Once more he repeats to us the pregnant facts and details which are ever in danger of being obscured, misrepresented, or forgotten.

Every year new discoveries are made that confirm the fundamental accuracy of Haeckel's deductions. Here and there, to be sure, as is inevitable with all sciences, some stone must be discarded or some timber replaced, but the superb structure of scientific research and discovery which mankind owes to Haeckel remains as firmly established as ever. It will always be one of the noblest monuments of civilization, built up by the enormous, love-inspired labor, the holy passion for truth, and the untiring zeal for knowledge of this great hierarch of science.

In anticipation of that brighter epoch and race of clearer vision to which the great evolutionist alludes in his closing paragraph, we may well be heartened by the hopefulness of one whose long life stretches from an age when the past history of man was shrouded in darkness to an age when its future seems charted in light. Surely in days to come there will be international anniversaries not only of anthropology, but of the anthropologist who has devoted himself during the whole of his life to the service of man.—HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

COUNTLESS jubilees and anniversaries of one sort or another have given the year 1913 a special distinction over its predecessors. These anniversaries, marking the flight of one hundred, or fifty, or twenty-five years since the birth of this or that significant idea or event, have all given occasion for some form of festival commemoration. In the midst

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of these modest, or brilliant, and frequently clamorous festivals, the impulses of which extend through the entire structure of society, we ought not to overlook a golden jubilee which unpretentious science is quietly celebrating within her own restricted boundaries. This anniversary has to do with the science of man in its wider significance, with our knowledge of man in the making—in one word, with anthropology.

It was in 1863 that several epoch-making works were published almost simultaneously. In these the theory of descent promulgated by Charles Darwin, some five years before, was for the first time applied to mankind in general, thus giving a scientific basis to the most important deductions from that theory. The far-sighted Thomas Henry Huxley, in his book *Man's Place in Nature,* threw a world of light upon the close relationship existing between man and the lower animals. He succeeded in establishing his famous "Pithecometra Principle" as one of the indisputable facts of scientific discovery. This important Huxelian law declares that: "The differences in construction of any part of the body are less between man and the anthropoid apes than between the latter and the lower apes."

In the same year the gifted German zoologist Karl Vogt, in his *Lectures upon Man, his Place in the Universe and in the History of Earth,* proved that the historical evolution of the animal world and the earlier history of man led to the identical conclusion, namely, that the latter had developed from the former; 1863 was also the year in which I gave my public lecture at the Congress of Natural Historians at Stettin. My subject on that occasion was Darwin's theory of evolution. In this lecture I sought to indicate its general significance for our entire conception of the universe as well as its especial importance for the understanding of the human creature and his natural evolution. If man, instead of being "created" in a supernatural manner, has been developed through gradual differentiation from a series of the higher vertebrates, then, beyond all doubt, must anthropology be considered as a part of zoology. Later, in 1874, when I published my *Anthropogeny,* I established this principle which I had already postulated in the *General Morphology* in 1866. By means of the unmistakable evidence of the Biogenetic Law (which may be described by the phrase: The human embryo repeats in its growth the his-

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tory of the human race), I revealed how harmonious a relationship exists between the facts in the history of human embryology, comparative anatomy, and palæontology, and how clear a conception of the fundamental traits of our racial history may be derived from them.

During the half-century which has since then elapsed, our views concerning this great problem of humanity—thanks to the enormous progress made in the foregoing branches of science—have been substantiated in the most satisfying manner. The general theory of descent as one of the foundation stones of our monistic principles of evolution, has been established most convincingly by innumerable advances, great and small, into the discussion of which it would be useless to enter in this brief anniversary article. But by means of extensive and thorough researches into the comparative natural history of the mammalia and of man, we have attained to so clear an understanding of all that relates to phylogeny, or the science of species, that we may now glance over the most important stages of our long racial history in all its ramifications. In the lecture which I delivered at Cambridge in 1898 on "Our Present Knowledge of the Origin of Man," and again, somewhat more thoroughly, in my commemoration essay entitled "Our Ancestral Line of Descent," I distinguished six great periods and thirty shorter stages in the prolonged gradations of the evolutionary forms. These lead us through more than a hundred million years from the primal cell up to man. So far as detailed facts are concerned I must refer the reader to the works mentioned above, especially to the later editions of the *Anthropogeny* and *The Natural History of Creation*. I shall therefore content myself with calling special attention to the peculiar accuracy of the knowledge we have been able to win and to its great significance for the advancement of our civilization.

So far as the accuracy of our phyletic hypotheses is concerned, there is a distinct difference between the two chief divisions of our racial or "stem" history, according as to whether they are directly supported by the tangible fossil records of the science of palæontology or not. In the earlier main division, that is to say from the Silurian age to the present day, there are found innumerable fossil remains of petrified vertebrates—fishes, amphibia, reptilia, and mammalia. Comparative anatomy having proved to us the unity

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of the entire stem of vertebrates, it will be necessary here only to select those extinct form-groups which belong to the ancestral line of man and to arrange them in a phyletic order. This historical sequence of the group of vertebrates gives us so manifest and indisputable a series of empirical records that we may without hesitation proclaim them as natural historical facts.

In the upper Silurian strata we find, first of all, petrified fishes; in the Devonian, ganoid or plated fishes; in the Carboniferous, salamander-like amphibia; in the Permian lizard-like reptiles; in the Triassic the earlier mammalia; in the Tertiary and Cretaceous the later mammalia; and in the Pliocene the more highly developed Primates. All of these are distinct forms of which a great portion may certainly be classed as belonging to the ancestral line of man. In view of the well-known incompleteness of the fossil records of creation, it is, however, impossible to recognize certain forms of these classes as forming an indisputable part of the ancestry of man.

The most striking truth which these comprehensive investigations into the family-tree history of the vertebrates have disclosed to us, is *the unity of the entire stem of vertebrates,* and still further, the unity of that class of mammals which constitutes its latest and most highly developed branch. One cannot too often emphasize the fact that the organism of man corresponds in all its characteristic peculiarities of construction and of function with that of all other vertebrates, especially with that of all other mammals. The human race accordingly appears in the light of modern phylogeny as one of the most recent and most highly developed of this particular species. In comparison with this fundamental truth the much-disputed theory of the descent of man from the ape is, after all, only of secondary importance. The fact that man stands closer to the apes and anthropoid apes in all that relates to his own peculiar organization has been acknowledged ever since Linnæus combined these higher animals in the order of Primates or Anthropomorphia in his epoch-making system of natural history published in 1735.

Modern zoologists and anthropologists who recognize this truth draw from it the natural conclusion that man has been evolved from the Primates, or, more exactly, from a line of extinct higher animals, from apes—formerly lower apes or

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ape-like creatures. The layman, however, who is but scantily acquainted with these zoological facts and therefore disposed to reject their logical conclusions, is but little influenced. For the prevailing idea of the common descent of all mammals—from one "primary mammal" and of all vertebrates from one "primary vertebrate," continues to persist in spite of everything.

In the first and older geological period, that of the pre-Silurian age, we encounter less definite evidence and are therefore enabled to move with far less certainty than in the second or more recent period. Here we find none of those fossil remains which in the shape of petrified parts of skeletons and scales and bones of the vertebrates furnish us with such invaluable nuclei for reconstruction. The lowest forms of vertebrates which antedated the fishes, such as the soft-skinned Cyclostoma or round-mouthed fishes, and the headless variety known as Acrania, were devoid of all solid bone structure and could not possibly have been preserved, even in a petrified condition. The same thing applies to all the spineless ancestors of the vertebrates. We are therefore forced to rely upon the original testimony offered by comparative anatomy and Ontogeny (the science which deals with the development of the individual) for our knowledge of the descent of these species. The experienced natural historian acquainted with these morphological and embryological facts will, of course, find in them a rich storehouse of the most significant and interesting knowledge. All authorities are now agreed as to the validity of the hypothesis which assumes that the ancestral vertebrates were preceded by a long line of pre-Silurian invertebrates, and that the earliest ancestral forms are to be sought for in the unicellular organisms, or Protozoa. There is, however, a great divergence of opinion among scientists on the question from which branch of the invertebrates the earliest forms of genuine vertebrates are descended. Earlier branches of this long and hypothetical line of ancestral forerunners will very likely be found among the order of worms, the Vermalia, or, in a wider sense, worm-like creatures.

The study of comparative embryology has thrown a most valuable light upon these obscure questions of our more distant racial history. It is this science which teaches us that the most primitive embryo forms which develop themselves from the fertilized eggs are essentially similar in all the

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Metazoa, a term that comprises all multicellular and tissue-building animals. In the *Theory of the Gastræa,* published in 1872–1874, I was enabled to furnish most difficult proof to the effect that the same embryo form develops everywhere, even where apparently dissimilar, in the shape of a tiny bubble, the spherical "blastula." Its thin wall is the "blastoderm" and forms itself into two simple cell-layers. The simple hollow body-cavity is the primitive gut, its opening the primitive mouth. All the other organs of the Metazoa are evolved by manifold modifications from this common form of the "gastrula." Supported in my deductions by the Biogenetic Law, I came to the conclusion that this embryo-form was the true repetition or recapitulation of a corresponding long-extinct "stem-form," conditioned by heredity—that is to say, of a hypothetical gastræad, greatly modified as it may have been by adaptation. The manner in which the development of this universal "stem-form" of all Metazoa may be traced from a line of Protozoa or unicellular animals is made clear in the investigations which I have embodied in my *Theory of the Gastræa.*

Every clear and fearless thinker, especially the natural historian, who is able to survey as a whole the astonishing progress made in scientific anthropology during the last fifty years must concede to it achievements of the highest value to the whole realm of natural science. Even if the immediate result, attained by the experience of the senses, by observation, comparison, and experiment, should bring us only a deeper understanding of our physical organization and development, we are also, none the less, enlightened upon the spiritual side of our being—since both sides are indissolubly connected. The "soul" of man, like that of all other animals that possess a spine, is no mystical figment of fancy. It is no particular unnatural entity which inhabits a body temporarily and then quits it at death. On the contrary, we have now ascertained in the clearest, most indisputable manner that all which we term the "soul" is in a scientific sense nothing more than the total effect or function of the "soul-cells," of the neurons in the brain. It has absolutely nothing to do with the discovery of truth, which is and must always remain the goal of all uncorrupted science. It was the inspiration of such a motive which impelled me to write the *Riddle of the Universe,* and the belief that truth will prevail may, perhaps, find

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some support in the almost universal acceptance of that work.

The marvelous advances made by monistic anthropology must sooner or later exert a tremendous influence upon philosophy, that queen of all the sciences. It is philosophy which is to unite the general conclusions of anthropology with a clear and harmonious conception of the universe. The influences which tend toward this great consummation are, however, proceeding in a very slow and gradual manner at present. We must not forget that the prevailing dualistic philosophy of the schools, or "paper philosophy," —to use the telling phrase of Professor William Ostwald— is still confined in the swaddling-bands of medieval traditions and of orthodox theology. It affects to ignore the most important achievements of our monistic philosophy of nature. It is especially hostile to the hated "monkey theory," and to the entire idea of man's descent from the vertebrates. But all such opposition is futile, for these things are no longer empty hypotheses, but well-proved and incontrovertible facts of natural history.

The realm of religion since earliest times has been intimately bound up with that of philosophy. The theoretical duty of both religion and philosophy was to establish a reasonable conception of the Universe, what the Germans call a "*Weltanschauung*"—their practical duty was to reconcile this with a corresponding system of morals suitable for the conduct of life. Twenty years have now flown since in a lecture at Altenburg I described Monism as "a bond between Religion and Science." Later, in the *Riddle of the Universe,* I emphasized the fact that our monistic philosophy (in the sense in which it was conceived by Spinoza and Goethe) did not lead to a destruction of religion, but only to a reasonable reform of it. The "God-Nature" of Goethe or the "Nature-God" of Spinoza, the so-called *Deus sive Natura,* is indissolubly related to the basic idea upon which we have founded our doctrine of evolution. The wider acceptance of this monistic Pantheism has already begun to bear fruit in all the contingencies and practical affairs of life, sociology, ethics, pedagogics, and so on. It is certain that sooner or later it will lead mankind to a higher, happier, and more consummate condition of life.

This glance backward at the splendid triumphs which monistic anthropology has achieved side by side with the

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theory of evolution in the last fifty years justifies us in joyously celebrating what we might entitle "Fifty Years of Anthropology." The "question of questions"—to use a phrase coined by Huxley in 1863—the fundamental question of "Man's Place in Nature," has been happily solved in our day. The solid ground has fallen away from the feet of that superstition which sets up man as a being superior to Nature, and which, unfortunately, still holds so great a part of mankind under its ban. We may be pardoned, I trust, if we indulge ourselves in the hope that the continuous progress of science will enable that true civilization upon which the real happiness of humanity depends to attain a higher and higher degree of perfection.

ERNST HAECKEL.

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THE PROBLEM OF ULSTER

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

THE spectacle of a portion of Ireland passionately proclaiming at once its loyalty to the British Crown and its determination to resist by force an Act of Parliament when it receives the Royal Assent has probably both mystified the world and intrigued it. I can well imagine that Americans especially, with their traditional interest in Irish affairs, have watched it with equal amusement and perplexity. What lies behind it all? What are the realities of the Ulster situation? Is it merely the froth and bluster of politicians bent on terrorizing their opponents and impressing them with the utmost possible show of power so as to be better placed for bargaining with them when the appropriate hour has struck? Or does it represent one of those elemental outbursts of feeling and conviction that no statesmanship can resist for long and from which anything and everything may be expected? Are we really destined in the twentieth century and in the United Kingdom to witness a convulsion that will be scarcely distinguishable from civil war? Is there any serious likelihood that Ulster will carry out its threat to establish a Provisional Government of its own, and, if it does, what are the chances of success in so unusual and desperate an enterprise? Such questions as these must, I suppose, have crossed the minds of all who have heard or read of the queer doings of which Ulster during the past eighteen months has been the scene—of the raising and drilling of volunteer troops, of the signing of solemn covenants, of the open preparations for an active resistance to Home Rule. In this article I shall hope to pass in review the chief elements, social, political, historical, and sectarian, that make up the complex and abnormal problem which is known as the Ulster Question.

It is well understood in Great Britain, but may not be

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equally appreciated in the United States, that the title itself is a misnomer, and that the question is not one of Ulster as a whole, but only a part of it. What men mean when they talk of the problem of Ulster is the problem of the four counties of Antrim, Down, Derry, and Armagh, in which are situated the industrial centers of Belfast and Londonderry and in which the Protestants and Unionists outnumber the Catholics and Home-Rulers in the proportion, roughly speaking, of seven to three. Taking the Province from end to end, the population is pretty evenly divided between the members of the two faiths, while its representation in Parliament shows an actual majority of one in favor of Home Rule. Even in Armagh and Derry, two of the four Protestant counties, the Catholics form forty-five per cent. of the whole; and in Belfast they are a quarter of the inhabitants. These figures are worth bearing in mind because they indicate that if ever the Provisional Government were to be established it would be confronted on the spot by a considerable and exceedingly hostile Catholic minority. The four northeastern counties differ profoundly not only from the rest of Ulster, but from the rest of Ireland. In the first place, Protestants predominate in them; secondly, they return to the House of Commons over twice as many Unionists as Home Rulers; thirdly, they depend for their prosperity in the main upon industrial pursuits; fourthly, their Protestant citizens are the only more or less compact body in Ireland that can trace a partial descent to the colonists, who from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries were planted in the country in the interests of England; and fifthly, and this is a curious and illuminating fact, in them alone does one encounter any real apprehension that Home Rule would lead to the persecution of the Protestants by the Catholics. Outside of Ulster there are perhaps 250,000 Protestants scattered over Ireland. They are surrounded and vastly outnumbered by Catholics who have no particular reason for loving them and who have all the machinery of local government in their hands. Yet from these Protestants, isolated, defenseless, virtually disfranchised, there comes hardly a single complaint of Catholic bigotry or intolerance. It is only in the counties where the Protestants form a comparatively cohesive group and where they outnumber the Catholics, as I have said, in the ratio of seven to three, that the fear is expressed that an

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Irish Parliament sitting in Dublin will inaugurate a régime of religious persecution. That is a paradox the significance of which will, I hope, become clear as we go along.

The inwardness of any movement can often best be gauged by studying it in its most extreme form, and Belfast, which is the headquarters of Ulsteria and its financial base, may be taken as a compendium of its spirit and aims. It is a city of inexhaustible industrial marvels. It claims to have the largest shipyard, the largest linen-mill, and the largest rope, tobacco, and mineral-water factories in the world. Perhaps nowhere on earth do 390,000 people produce so much wealth as in Belfast or produce it, since every ton of coal they use has to be imported, under greater disabilities. It is the Chicago of Ireland, and its industrial record constitutes one of the greatest and most inspiring achievements in the history of commerce. Any one who makes the tour of Ireland feels, on reaching Londonderry and Belfast, that he is for the first time in contact with the atmosphere and problems of a modern manufacturing city. These two towns, in tone and spirit, in their social structure, their instinctive ways of looking at things, and their economic formation, stand in a category of their own, and have little or no affinity with Limerick, Cork, Waterford, or even Dublin; while the gap that separates them from the smaller urban centers, that except in Ireland would not for a moment aspire to the name of towns, is the gap of the entire industrial revolution. Moreover, it so happens that their principal businesses are exporting businesses, that Ireland is rather their workshop than their market, that their commercial relations with it, while of course considerable, are small by comparison with their relations with the outside world, and that there has thus never been established between the industrial north and the agricultural south and west any deep communion either of interests or of sympathies.

It goes without saying, for any one who is acquainted with even the alphabet of Irish life, that all the Belfast industries are in the hands of Protestants, that practically every one one meets in the city of any commercial or social or public importance is of the same faith, and that the Catholics belong with hardly an exception to the employed and not the employing class. For tenacity, enterprise, and in all the qualities that make for commercial efficiency of

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the highest order, one would instinctively match the Belfast manufacturers against any on earth. They are a rough-tongued, hard-headed, not particularly ingratiating or cultivated set of men or particularly humane or far-sighted in their treatment of labor, but with a clearness of business vision, a remorseless energy and fixity of purpose in pursuing their ends, and a general ruggedness of character that command one's instant respect. And these are characteristics that run with astonishing consistency through all the Ulster Protestants of whatever class and occupation. Taking them as a community, they are as dour, stubborn, self-willed, and self-reliant a body of men as one is ever likely to come across, taciturn of speech, fixed in all their ideas, obstinately faithful to the men who are capable of winning their reluctant trust, approximating much nearer to the Scottish than the English type, and absolutely differentiated from the ordinary Catholic Irishman of the south and west. They have a far stronger capacity for hate than for affection; they are narrow with something of the simplicity and earnestness of a Cromwellian Puritan; the rougher elements among them are as turbulent a mob as you will find in all Europe; and mingling with all these traits is an intense strain of emotionalism. They are the hardest workers, the best artisans, and the most provident farmers in Ireland.

History has left its stamp on them as on all Irishmen, but in their case it is like a disfiguring and even repulsive birth-mark. They have inherited from the past memories and traditions of the bitterest antagonism toward their Catholic fellow-subjects. One must remember that the ancestors or at any rate the co-religionists of these Ulster stalwarts were settled in the north of Ireland to uphold Protestantism and establish a sphere of English influence; that time and again the two creeds clashed in murderous and devastating wars from which in the end the Protestants emerged victorious; that up almost to our own time their descendants lorded it over their Catholic neighbors with a high-handed ascendancy; and that they still import into their attitude toward the ancient faith and its adherents not only an almost Elizabethan fanaticism, but the unlovely truculence of "colonists" who regard "the natives" as an inferior species. Those are the two operative factors behind nine-tenths of Ulster's opposition to Home Rule—bigotry based on ignorance and a profound social contempt. The Belfast Orange-

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man looks upon the idea of being governed by a Parliament in which Catholics and farmers will necessarily predominate much as a white planter in Texas would regard a proposal to hand over the administration of his State to the negroes. It is not merely an insult; it seems to him positively unnatural, something that involves him in a personal degradation, and that aims at lowering him to the level of an alien and abject civilization. And if one asks how such a view can still hold its own in the twentieth century and in a great commercial city like Belfast, the answer, or one of the answers, is to be found in that strain of emotionalism which, as I have said, runs through the Ulster Protestants. They still celebrate the Battle of the Boyne and the Siege of Derry and drink to the immortal memory of William III. as though the former were events of yesterday and the latter an active figure in present-day politics. They still speak of the Pope as though a new Armada were on the point of sailing. "Were I to retort the abuse with which my own creed is daily bespattered," says Mr. Kettle, "I should describe the Ulster Orangeman as the only victim of clerical obscurantism to be found in Ireland. Herded beyond the unbridged waters of the Boyne, he has been forced to live in a very Tibet of intellectual isolation." The favorite conventional objurgation of the true-blue Ulsterman is, "To Hell with the Pope!" One of his minor amusements is chalking up reflections on the Catholics and their religion on walls and public buildings. The tale is told of an old Orangeman who had been called as a witness to the peaceable disposition of a friend of his. "What sort of man," asked the counsel, "would you say Jamie Williamson is?" "A quiet, decent man." "Is he the sort of man that would be likely to be breaking windows?" "No man less likely." "Is he the sort of man that you would expect to find at the head of a mob shouting 'To Hell with the Pope?'" Witness, with great emphasis: "No, certainly not. Jamie was never any ways a *religious* man." The deliciousness of that single adjective is more revealing than a whole library of labored comment. It is all of a part with the Belfast manufacturer who vehemently exclaims, "No man shall call me a bigot; but if Home Rule comes I'll sack every damned Catholic in my shop"; and with the Orange reveller who after hurling a "To Hell with the Pope" at a couple of passing Catholics, turned round to a near-by Protestant clergyman and said,

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apologetically, "Your riverence, there's nothin' like givin' these fellows a varse o' Scripthur now an' again."

The fact is that the terms Protestant and Catholic carry with them in the northeast corner of Ireland a significance and implication that they have long since lost everywhere else. To be an Ulster Protestant is not merely to subscribe to a certain creed, but to be the heir of a vivid and martial history and of rights and liberties fought for and won on the field of battle. It is to be a member of a colonizing caste, a superior race, a higher civilization; while to be a Catholic is to be branded with the mark of a conquered people. That literally is how thousands upon thousands of Orangemen look upon themselves and upon the "Papists." They have the unmixed, unsophisticated, unconscious arrogance of men who have never been told, and most certainly have never imagined, that they are not infinitely better than their neighbors. And everything they see around them tends to confirm them in their inherited prepossessions. They see their own co-religionists "on top," owning and managing all the big industries and all the public institutions, while the Catholics for the most part are their shiftless dependents. My personal observations when I was last in Belfast confirmed the impression that the Catholics there are not the equals of the Protestants; they have not the same toughness of fiber; they live in a squalor that no Protestant would tolerate for a moment; anybody who passes from the Catholic to the Protestant quarters in the city is conscious at once of a different social atmosphere; and local experts can usually tell by a mere glance at a man's clothes and appearance, or at his children, or at his farm, to which of the two rival communions he belongs. All this counts. It helps to confirm the Orangeman's conviction that "Papists" are a naturally lower order of people, with a debased standard of living, and that it is his divine right to keep them in a due state of subjection. That they should be put on an equality with him is monstrous; that they should be set above him is something very like sacrilege. One must remember, too, that the average Ulsterman knows as little of the rest of Ireland as the average American knows, say, of Mexico. He does not read anything except the Belfast newspapers; he does not travel through the south and west; if you were to tell him that it is not the factory but the farm that produces most of the

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wealth of Ireland, that the ratable value of Leinster, excluding Dublin, is greater than that of Ulster, excluding Belfast, or that there are Catholic farmers who live as well as Belfast manufacturers and have as ample a bank account, he would be simply and unflatteringly incredulous. He lives in a little world of hallucinations that is all his own, and if he is a Belfast artisan or loafer there is nothing he likes better than a "mix-up" in the streets with a crowd of Catholics. "The Belfast Orangeman," Mr. Seumas MacManus, has written, "who always realizes that he is the bulwark of the Protestant faith, attends his church regularly thrice in a lifetime—at baptism, marriage, and burial. In the cause of that faith, which he leaves to the more leisured and less worthy to practise, he is willing to sacrifice anything, even life itself—his neighbor's life, of course. He is the man who, in workman's dress, in the gallery of a theater, passed down cabbages, curses, and aged eggs to the unfortunate fellow who played the Friar in one of Shakespeare's plays. He will unquestionably fight if Home Rule comes. He will fight if anything comes. Or he will fight if nothing comes. Nor will he use the antiquated arms imported from Italy, either. He is a man whose picture of Heaven is a pocketful of iron nuts, the shelter of a side street, and a 'Papist' procession passing by. The rebellion he launches will last as long as the supply of nuts, bolts, kidneys, and whiskey hold out."

I need hardly say that with such inflammable material to work upon there is no lack of hands willing to stoke the fire, and that the ministers of the gospel, especially among a given sect, are, as usual, doing what they can to raise passion to a white heat. There are pastors in Belfast to-day who are talking and acting like so many Mohammedan Mullahs preaching a Holy War. All the detestation of Rome that animated the England of the sixteenth century is nakedly, shamelessly alive and operative in the northeast of Ireland to-day. The Protestant pulpits resound with comparisons between the Israelites and the Ulstermen, the first relieved from the bondage of Egypt, the second from slavery to the "Papists"; and the devil's brew of sectarian bigotry is being handed out in the form of barely veiled incitements to the roughs of the city to attempt a massacre of their Catholic fellow-subjects. A correspondent of the *Times*, in the course of a pilgrimage through

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Ulster in July, reported a conversation he had had with an Antrim farmer. "Let them do what they will," exclaimed this stalwart, "we will have no priest-ridden Ulster. Let the word be given, and there won't be a Papist left in Antrim." There you have the brutal fact that lies behind Ulsteria. It is a fact, I need hardly say, concealed from the British public as much as possible. It wears too ugly, too antiquated, too uncivilized a look for British consumption; and Sir Edward Carson, to do him justice, is probably in his heart of hearts as much revolted by it as any one. He is an Irishman, but not an Ulsterman; there is no trace of the *odium theologicum* in his disposition; he voted in Parliament for the setting-up of a Catholic University in Ireland and for the alteration in the Royal Coronation Oath—measures that the Ulster M. P.'s vehemently but vainly opposed; and he has refrained from pandering to the rabid zealotry of his followers. None the less there stands the unedifying and indisputable fact that it is this historic feud between Protestants and Catholics that furnishes the motive-power for most of the Anti-Home-Rule agitation. You will find in Belfast hundreds and thousands of men who veritably believe that Home Rule means Rome Rule, and that a Dublin Parliament will not only tax industrial Ulster out of existence, but will deprive Protestants of their farms, close their workshops, take away their schools, force them to attend Mass, and probably dissolve their marriages by Papal decree.

That is the way the baser mind of Belfast works. In the country districts matters, as a rule, are better. The Orange farmer, a sturdy, warm-hearted, thoroughly human fellow, does undoubtedly and sincerely fear and hate "the power of Rome"—which in Ireland, by the by, is almost wholly mythical—and the character and policy and organization of the Irish priesthood; but he lives peacefully enough side by side with his Catholic neighbors, despising them, of course, as "priest-ridden," and by no means relishing the prospect of having to "even himself down" to the level of his former subordinates, but still without the faintest intention of resisting Home Rule by force. Belfast, and the Belfast temper, are really the crux of the situation; and it would be a highly diverting enterprise to trace out the amazing consequences that have flowed from the domination of the masses by the sectarian controversy. For here we have a city

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which, as I have said, bears no small resemblance on its industrial side to Chicago; it ought to be, and in time it undoubtedly will be, as democratic in its politics as it is in its essential spirit; it has many grave social, housing, and industrial problems on which it has neglected to vent its "religious" spleen; and the strongest passion that animates its workers is a medieval sentiment of ignorant bigotry. Any one who is used to the ways of politicians could probably forecast at once the resultant of these various forces. The great urban and rural landlords, the captains of industry, and the inevitable army of lawyers and politicians have turned the religious enthusiasm of the masses to their own ends—the landlords to keep up rents and stave off agrarian agitation, the manufacturers to divert attention from the sweating and the slums that disgrace Belfast, and the lawyers to get into Parliament and annex all the jobs in sight. By using the rawness of the Orange creed as a laughable stepping-stone to place and power and by trading on the passions that have made the "lower classes" the blind and witless dupes of their own prejudices, the "leaders" have so manipulated the course of affairs that a profoundly Radical community is represented in Parliament almost entirely by Tory merchants, lawyers, landlords, and their agents, and the illusion has been created that loyalty to the British Crown and the cause of Protestantism are bound up in voting for an endless array of reactionary barristers, property-owners, and wealthy manufacturers. Never, I suppose, in the history of politics was a greater confidence trick so easily and successfully played off on an unsuspecting electorate. Yet I am bound to add that in talking to the industrial "magnates" I found not a few of them just as bigoted and myopic as any "corner-boy" of them all, and just as much under the sway of a compound of fears, instincts, hatreds, and traditions in which facts had been metamorphosed out of all semblance to reality. There are business men in Belfast whose names are known all over the world with whom you can no more argue Irish questions than you can argue the race question with a Tennessee planter of the old school. Keen and unclouded reasoners in matters of business, they can only feel when it comes to a question of politics or religion. All that they ask of the rest of Ireland is to let them alone. They are prosperous, contented, and free; and they are profoundly convinced that an

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Irish Parliament, mainly elected by rural votes, will use Ulster and its industries and its accumulated wealth as a milch-cow for the Treasury. That is, indeed, their only respectable argument—I might almost say their only argument at all; and it would not, I think, be difficult to show that there is very little in it and that a Nationalist Parliament could only tax Protestants by taxing Catholics at the same time and that any attempt to discriminate against Ulster would turn out to be impossible in practice. But undoubtedly this apprehension of being unduly taxed is a legitimate point to bring forward. Practically everything else in the Unionist case is mere wind and hysteria. Ulster indeed is most impressive when it follows its usual course, drops argument altogether, and baldly proclaims, "We will not have Home Rule!"

Sir Edward Carson's campaign and the preparations that have been made for resisting Home Rule by force have been thoroughly in keeping with the Ulster atmosphere and its mirages that confuse the vision and distort realities. The dummy cannon, the reviews and salutes the perpetual cameras and reporters, the signing of Covenants, the screeching and bellowings, the contingent threats of treason, the dress-suit Provisional Government, the indemnity fund to guarantee all "rebels" against personal loss, the slimy trail of the lawyer and the press-agent over a movement that professes to be a fight for religious and political freedom—all these phenomena are entirely in harmony with a city of innumerable Tartarins where nothing outside of business is seen quite straight. That many have thrown in their lot with Carsonism through compulsion and under protest and with a great many mental reservations and in order to avoid social or business ostracism, and that to keep the agitation going a good deal of "persuasion" has had to be employed, is no doubt the case. But that at bottom the movement is genuine and sincere is a point on which I am definitely convinced. People are wrong who think that Ulster is bluffing. Ulster never bluffs. Occasionally things do not happen as Ulster swears and takes solemn pledges that they will happen. But that does not prove that Ulster is bluffing; it merely proves that Ulster's judgment is sometimes at fault. If I am skeptical of Carsonism, it is not because I question the enthusiasm of its adherents, but because, so far as I can see, it is attempting an almost im-

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possible task with third-rate leaders and inadequate resources. As a believer in the virtues of universal military service, it has been, indeed, a real pleasure to me to think of these young men in Ulster spending laborious days and nights in the open air at drill and camp and target practice and manœuvers. But I cannot bring myself to rate them very highly as a fighting force or to regard them, with their insurance policies in their pockets, as the stuff out of which successful rebellions are made. They are evidence of a temper and a state of mind, but not, in my judgment, an earnest of achievement; and the idea of pitting them against the British Army no longer holds its old place in the revolutionary councils. It has to all appearances been thrown overboard in favor of establishing a Provisional Government that will seize on all the machinery of administration in the four counties and hold them for the Protestant and Unionist cause.

But if I am dubious about Sir Edward Carson's "army," I am ten times more so about his scheme for superseding British authority in the name of loyalty to the British Crown. Just consider some of the more obvious aspects of the situation that would arise if the Provisional Government were ever to come into being. The first consequence of all would be a financial crisis and a panic run on the local banks. Lombard Street would raise its rates on the Belfast banks, the Belfast banks would raise theirs on the local manufacturers, many of whom do business on a conspicuously small margin, the Catholic depositors would make haste to withdraw their moneys, and loans would be called in right and left. By simply removing its staff from the Belfast post-offices the British Government could at a stroke deprive the city of letters, telephone, telegraph, and cable services. Industry would be brought to a standstill, the streets would be swarming with hungry and turbulent unemployed, and the "army" of the Provisional Government would find itself fully occupied in protecting Protestant shops against the inroads of starving Protestant workingmen. Besides policing the city in the interests of its own partisans, the Provisional Government would have to raise a gigantic sum of money for purposes of outdoor relief. All Imperial grants, such as those for education, local government, public works, and so on, would presumably be cut off; old-age pensions would cease to be paid; there would be nothing

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with which to finance the Insurance Act; no Belfast merchant could sue for debt in any other part of the United Kingdom; no barrister under the Provisional Government could practise outside the four counties; there would be an absolute paralysis of all commercial and public life. The enterprise, in short, would speedily collapse of its own weight and without a single British soldier being moved; while as for Ulster's threat to resist Home Rule by the non-payment of taxes, the only way in which that resolution could be enforced would be by Ulster's refusing to import and to manufacture and to smoke and drink. The more the scheme is examined the more preposterously hopeless does it appear. It has failed to alarm the Nationalists in the least. They have heard more or less similar menaces before. "The fact is," said Mr. Redmond not long ago, "these threats about civil war impose upon nobody in Ireland and upon nobody outside of Ireland who is not invincibly ignorant or wilfully misled by bigotry and race hatred. We in Ireland have heard all these threats before, and we pay no more regard to them now than our fathers did when, in 1827, the Orangemen conspired to depose William IV., to put the Duke of Cumberland on the throne, and to deprive the Princess Victoria of her right of succession; or when, in 1869, they threatened, if the Church Disestablishment Act were passed, to discrown the Queen, and to kick her crown into the Boyne. We remember how, when the Princess Ena was married to the King of Spain, Orange orators insulted King Edward, and reminded him of the fate of James and Charles and Buckingham, and we know that the only outcome of the Orange braggadocio in 1886 was the murder of a poor Catholic youth on Queen's Island and the wrecking and plundering of Catholic houses in Belfast."

None the less if the Home Rule Bill becomes law in its present form, trouble of some kind in Belfast, and perhaps also in the adjacent counties, is inevitable, and it will probably take the form of an onslaught on the Catholic residents, that would leave behind it a bitter legacy of racial hatred. On every ground it would be infinitely preferable if the problem of Irish Government could be settled, as the far older and more contentious problem of Irish land-tenure was settled, by compromise and consent. Many steps to that end are being taken and many projects mooted as I write; but it

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is impossible at present to say what, if anything, will come of them. There may be a Conference such as Lord Loreburn has proposed, between the leaders of all parties. There may be a General Election which will remove the very solid objection that the opinion of the country has never been taken on the Home Rule Bill. There may be an agreement to leave the four Protestant counties in Ulster outside the scope of the Irish Government. What I believe to be impossible is that the prejudices and opposition of Ulster will be allowed to kill the Bill or to stand in the way of that autonomy which four-fifths of the Irish people undoubtedly desire. Ireland is going to have Home Rule, and for myself I have never weakened in my confidence that when it has been granted and is in working order and experience has demonstrated the baselessness of their apprehensions, the Ulstermen will speedily become, as their fathers were in the eighteenth century, the stoutest and most thoroughgoing champions of Irish Nationality and of the rights and powers of the Irish Parliament.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

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BULGARIA AND THE TREATY OF BUCHAREST

BY SVETOZAR TONJOROFF

THE opening lines of a new and bloody chapter in the history of the struggling civilization of the Balkan Peninsula were traced with the point of the bayonet when the Treaty of Bucharest was signed in the Rumanian capital on July 10th last. The alignment of forces on that impressive occasion was significant of the events and the issues that underlay the negotiations which had culminated summarily in the enforced assent of Bulgaria to the oppressive terms of an instrument designed to be her death-warrant. On one side of the green table were the delegates of Rumania, Greece, Servia, and Montenegro; on the other were the plenipotentiaries of Bulgaria. Behind the spokesmen of the quadruple alliance were the invisible forces of international intrigue, set in motion by designing chancelleries of great powers; the Bulgarians stood alone against a world seemingly federated to accomplish the destruction of their country. A brief glance at the extraordinary events that had preceded that sinister grouping of interests will serve to bring out in sharp relief the tragedy in which Bulgaria, only six months earlier the leader of a victorious alliance against Turkey as the common foe, was the chief protagonist and collective victim.

Ever since its liberation by Russian arms in 1877, Bulgaria had been the object of the jealous watchfulness of her neighbors—Servia to the northwest and Rumania to the north, not to mention Greece, with which Bulgaria had been at bitter feud for well-nigh a thousand years, since the days of the Emperor Vasilios, "the Bulgar-Slayer," whose name is written high on the roster of Byzantine distinction because of his destructive campaigns against Czar Samuel. The Russian army of occupation had hardly withdrawn from the newly liberated principality when Bulgaria's neighbors be-

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gan to take sedulous note of the fact that the resurrected state, now in the relation of a self-governing vassal to Turkey, was showing unmistakable evidences of a sturdy purpose to conduct its affairs with a single view to the gradual unification of all the Bulgarians in the Peninsula, placed under a common flag of freedom by the victorious Russians within the boundaries of a Great Bulgaria, and dismembered at the Congress of Berlin by the restoration of Ottoman authority in Macedonia and Thrace. The rapid progress of the infant country in education, industry, and military and political efficiency gave point to the fears of the contiguous Christian states that the day might soon come when the balance of power in the Peninsula would be menaced gravely by the attainment of this dream of national unity.

The question of this mythical balance suddenly became a flaming issue in Balkan affairs in 1885, when Bulgaria, seizing her opportunity, declared the annexation of Eastern Rumelia, separated from it by the Treaty of Berlin, and added with the stroke of the pen a population of a million and a quarter Bulgarians to the two millions of the principality. While Bulgaria was massing its small army on the Turkish frontier in anticipation of a possible Turkish invasion, Servia declared war against the progressive kindred people in an attempt to prevent the accomplishment of the union. The rapidity with which the invasion was repulsed by the Bulgarian peasantry, summoned from the plow and the sheepfold, and led by young officers of no experience in the art of war, constitutes a bright page in the annals of the struggle of the Bulgarians for freedom. Thus the first endeavor to maintain the arbitrary balance of power by a recourse to arms ended in dismal failure for its self-constituted champion.

Once more the phantom of Bulgarian hegemony in the Balkan Peninsula reared itself before the eyes of Servia, Greece, and Rumania in 1908, when Prince Ferdinand broke another of the shackles which the Congress of Berlin had forged upon the wrists of his people by declaring the complete independence of his country from Turkey and assuming the title of King, significant of the new standing of Bulgaria in the family of nations. The progress of events at this juncture was observed with increasing uneasiness in Bucharest, Athens, and Belgrade as a further indication of the rise of an energetic people toward a realization of their

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ideals, and incidentally toward a commanding position in Balkan affairs. These latest developments south of the Danube served to intensify the distrust with which the advancement of Bulgaria was regarded in the near-by countries, and especially in Rumania and Servia. That the activities of great powers, actuated by selfish motives, were exerted to promote the growing discord under the surface of things in the Peninsula may well be regarded as a certainty in view of the powerful aid which has been accorded to Rumania by the Triple Alliance in the deplorable events of yesterday, and by the disclosures of the intrigues of chancelleries that have been made since the ambassadorial conference began its sittings concurrently with the Balkan delegates in the late negotiations that ended with the Treaty of London.

Thus the years wore on—years of unremitting toil for race unity in Bulgaria—until the astounding *coup d'état* of the summer of 1912, when Europe awoke out of its dreams of a Roman peace to find itself confronted with a new and portentous international force, a Balkan Alliance in full and efficient operation, organized out of seemingly irreconcilable elements. For the first moments of bewilderment the combined statecraft of the powers appeared to be paralyzed into inactivity by the indisputable evidences of the existence of a combination of resources which had been confidently regarded as impossible. Then astonishing events crowded upon one another before the blinking gaze of Dame Europa. Chief among these was the collective declaration of war against Turkey by the allies—Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, and Montenegro. The utter collapse of Turkey quickly followed, before the impetuous assaults of the Bulgarian armies at Kirk-Kilisseh, at Lule-Bourgas, at Tchorlu, all the way from the old Bulgarian frontier to the grim barrier of the Tchatalja lines. When the military history of the war shall have been written by a dispassionate professional hand it will be found that the Turkish power in Europe was crushed, not at Uskub, not at Janina, not at Scutari, not even at Adrianople, great as was the Bulgarian achievement with the help of the Servians at that point, but at Lule-Bourgas, on the main road to Constantinople. This basic fact should be kept carefully in mind in any attempt to reach a fair judgment on the merits of the tragic controversy that has succeeded the early unity of the Balkan Alliance.

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For a proper understanding of the motives that underlay the diplomatic and military activities of the Bulgarian people at the opening of the war of 1912 it is essential to remember that the undeviating aim of that nation since its erection into a political entity has been the liberation of the Bulgarians of Macedonia and their inclusion in a united country. To this passionate purpose the Bulgarians of the kingdom have sacrificed untold lives and treasure. The geographic situation of the belligerents was such, however, that in the conflict with Turkey, to Bulgaria fell the prime task of assailing the main strength of the common enemy in Thrace, while the other allies solved the secondary problem of crushing the power of isolated bodies of troops in Macedonia. Thus it happened that while Bulgaria at the moment of the signature of the treaty of peace with the Porte was in complete possession of Thrace, from the old frontier to the outposts of the Tchatalja lines, Servia and Greece were in actual occupation of the bulk of Macedonia. For an equitable partition of the Macedonian hinterland, however, Bulgaria had made explicit provisions in a treaty with Servia, whereby that country had bound itself to surrender to its ally the regions of Macedonia chiefly inhabited by Bulgarians, which the Servian government recognized as stretching as far west as Lake Ochrida and as far south as the suburbs of Salonica. If foreign influences had not injected themselves into the situation the stipulated division would have been carried out and there would have been no war of 1913.

During the deliberations of the conference of London, however, the seeds of discord had been sown among the Balkan allies by the malicious hand of European diplomacy. Responding to the inexorable demands of Austria-Hungary, backed by Germany and with modified enthusiasm by Italy, the ambassadorial conferees had created a new state out of a part of the ruins of the Ottoman Empire in Europe—the state of Albania. For this projected political organism the powers of the Triple Alliance reserved that stretch of the Adriatic littoral, with a generous strip of hinterland, which had been occupied by the Servians, the Greeks, and the Montenegrins. At this point in their operations the Balkan allies found themselves facing a stone wall of insuperable opposition. Yielding to the force of a united European veto, the victors retired from their untenable positions—Servia and Greece peacefully and Montenegro

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under the guns of the European naval squadron in the roadstead of Antivari.

The birth of the state of Albania marked the death of the Balkan Alliance. Servia, balked of her legitimate aim toward an outlet on the Adriatic, turned to Bulgaria for compensating territorial gains. This demand roused peculiar resentment at Sofia, inasmuch as Bulgaria had been the only member of the alliance to sacrifice any of its original territory as an outcome of the victorious war. Bulgaria pointed out to her allies at this unexpected crisis that the cession to Rumania of a quadrilateral bordering on Dobrudja as the price of Rumanian neutrality in the conflict must constitute a common charge on all the allies, as it was the outcome of their common campaign. Confronted with the Servian demand for further sacrifices in another direction, Bulgaria indicated her unwillingness to make new concessions, and insisted upon the carrying-out of the ante-bellum treaty.

At this juncture Greece, ever watchful for a breach between her two Slavic neighbors, quickly seized the opportunity to advance her own pretensions for the possession of Salonica and the adjoining territory, which was in joint occupation by Greek and Bulgarian troops. No pains were spared at Athens to foment the quarrel between Sofia and Belgrade. It became the fixed aim of Greek diplomacy to separate the two Slavic states which, acting in conjunction, might menace non-Slavic interests on the Peninsula. To this campaign against Slavic unity Rumania lent her diplomatic and military resources with an ardor which indicated the profundity of her conviction that a close Slavic confederation would easily exert a dominating influence upon the destinies of southeastern Europe. Thus events wore on rapidly toward a fresh eruption in the war-ridden cockpit of the nations.

To prevent such a deplorable conflict, Russia bestirred herself at an early stage in the Bulgaro-Servian controversy. Czar Nicholas II., foreseeing clearly the disastrous effects of rupture upon the newly established Slavic harmony in the Balkans, offered his friendly offices as a mediator in an endeavor to adjudicate the conflicting claims. This benevolent proffer, however, was accompanied by indications of hostility to Bulgarian interests at St. Petersburg which aroused profound distrust at Sofia. It became apparent to the Bulgarian

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foreign office that the case had been prejudged on the Neva and that the award would constitute a well-nigh complete denial of the Bulgarian claims. This conviction was based upon the discovery that Russian diplomacy was bent upon strengthening the Slavic state bordering on Austria-Hungary at the expense of the other Slavic state, which during its entire career had consistently demonstrated its purpose to conduct its affairs independently of Russian dictation. Thus at the very outset of Russia's ostensibly pacific activities in the unforeseen dispute, it became evident that the success of the projected scheme of mediation would be problematic, to say the least.

Even under these provocative conditions, however, Bulgaria was anxious to avoid an armed clash with her allies. Every effort was made at Sofia to induce Servia to live up to the terms of her ante-bellum agreement, with various modifications designed to conciliate the kindred nation. In the midst of the endeavors of diplomacy to avert a fresh recourse to arms, the first gun in the new and terrible conflict was fired. By which of the combatants this initial overt act was committed it is impossible to say; nor is it a circumstance of great importance; for both Rumania and Servia had assumed an aggressive attitude, designed to precipitate a conflict with the country which, exhausted by its struggle with Turkey at the point of its maximum resistance, was regarded as an easy prey to the spoiler. It is a matter of recent history that simultaneously with the advance of the Bulgarians upon Guevgheli, on the line of communication between the Greek and Servian armies in Macedonia, the small Bulgarian garrison in Salonica was destroyed or captured by the Greek army with which it was in joint occupation of the city, and the quarter inhabited by Bulgarians, first surrounded by a ring of bayonets, was subjected for two hours to a sweeping fire from Greek quick-firers mounted on the historic Kanli Koule—the "Bloody Tower"!

The war once begun, the danger which had menaced Bulgaria since the beginning of its existence as a nation—the danger of a collective attack by her distrustful neighbors—became an appalling reality. At the outset of the hostilities the Bulgarian forces found themselves opposed by an allied army, superior both in numbers and in its comparative immunity from heavy sacrifices during the preceding conflict. The first engagements, nevertheless, indicated that the

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triumph of the Serbs, the Greeks, and the Montenegrins, would be purchased at a much higher cost in lives than their victories over the Turks. The stubborn defense conducted by the Bulgarian commanders had the double effect of furnishing time for the concentration of their scattered army from the Turkish frontier and of exhausting their combined enemies. A fortnight after the incident of Salonica it began to appear that the fortunes of war were on the point of turning. The Serbo-Greek advance had been checked on the Bregalnitsa and in the passes north of Istib, and a successful forward movement by the Bulgarian forces became a prospect of the immediate future.

At this critical stage of the conflict, Rumania injected herself into the situation with a fresh and well-equipped army of half a million men. As if the intervention of Rumania had not been sufficient to decide the issue, Turkey took advantage of the international confusion to begin a forward movement into Bulgarian territory, in the hope of being able to violate with impunity the decree imposed upon her by the powers at the conference of London in the establishment of the Enos-Midia line as the boundary between the Ottoman Empire and its former vassal.

It is easy to understand the aggression undertaken by Turkey in view of the ardent desire of the Ottomans for the recovery of Adrianople, their holy city, surrendered to the Bulgarians only after an exceptionally gallant resistance of nearly eight months. The motives that prompted Rumania to declare war upon its neighbors after Bulgaria had shown a desire to placate Rumanian susceptibilities by the peaceful cession of a strip of territory from the Danube to the Black Sea requires a few words of explanation.

The Rumanian demand for "compensation" from Bulgaria, which was advanced by Bucharest in menacing terms at the outbreak of the war with Turkey, was based partly upon the territorial loss which Rumania sustained as the victorious ally of Russia in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, and partly upon the frank declaration that if any partition of territory were impending in the Balkan Peninsula, Rumania should have its share of the spoils, regardless of its participation or non-participation in the military successes which would make these spoils available. This latter principle presented an unprecedented contribution to the code of international ethics.

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Rumania's losses after the Russo-Turkish war, in which a Rumanian army gave effective aid to Russia in the memorable siege of Pleven, are represented by the inclusion in the frontiers of the Russian Empire of the province of Bessarabia, to the northwest of Rumania. In compensation for the absorption of this rich territory at the expense of her ally, Russia handed over to Rumania that far less desirable strip of Bulgaria, south of the Danube, known as the Dobrudja. To this inequitable exchange Rumania gave her assent under the stress of superior force, and bided her time for further compensation. The opportunity came when Bulgaria found herself preoccupied with the life-and-death struggle of the war of 1912. But back of this quasi-legal pretension, vigorously advanced by the foreign office at Bucharest, was the fear, openly expressed by King Carol in his proclamation at the beginning of the invasion of Bulgaria, that Bulgaria's aim was the establishment of a mastery over her late allies. The consummation of such a *coup d'état,* the Rumanian sovereign intimated, his country was prepared to resist to the utmost.

With the interjection of Rumania into the conflict, the outcome of the pending struggle became an inexorable certainty. The utter helplessness of Bulgaria in the final phase of the war was demonstrated dramatically in the last days of the sittings of the peace conference at Bucharest, when the hesitation of the Bulgarian delegates to affix their signatures to the terms of a rapacious treaty was quickly terminated by the announcement by the Rumanian premier, M. Majoresco, of the alternative determination of Rumania to march an army of a hundred thousand men to the immediate occupation of Sofia. Under the pressing menace of this ultimate disaster Bulgaria withdrew her last objection to the instrument which was designed to put an effective check upon Bulgarian aspirations for a century to come. The ardor of the *Te Deums* with which Bucharest, Belgrade, Athens, and Cettigne marked the signing of the treaty was the spectacular expression of the conviction of the allies that they had succeeded in laying the ghost of Bulgarian ascendancy in the Peninsula and in driving the stake through its heart.

In its provisions the Treaty of Bucharest, though not quite so harsh as the Greeks and the Servians would have liked to make it, delivered an effective blow at the future of Bul-

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garia. It debarred that country practically from any participation in Macedonia, the primary object of Bulgaria's aims in the preceding war. It deprived Bulgarian commerce of its natural outlet at Salonica and Kavalla. It promoted the aggrandizement of Rumania by a substantial addition to the territory already ceded by Bulgaria between the Danube and the Black Sea. It partitioned the Bulgarian race by subjecting a million and a half of Bulgarians to Servian, Greek, and Rumanian rule. It exposed Bulgaria, greatly weakened by its second conflict, to the rapacity of the Ottomans in Thrace. It placed upon the backs of the Bulgarian people a burden of indebtedness which might well cause any nation of twice their resources to stagger.

The agreement of Bucharest accomplished much more than these results, momentous as they are. Unable to agree upon a further division of the spoils, or perhaps restrained at the last moment by belated external influences, the authors of that oppressive instrument failed in their purpose to create a second Poland by the partition of Bulgaria itself; but they succeeded in creating a second Alsace-Lorraine by the annexation of 35,000 square miles of territory which, ethnically considered, is as much a part of Bulgaria as is Eastern Rumelia itself—a region inhabited chiefly by Bulgarians. Thus the plenipotentiaries of Rumania, Servia, Greece, and Montenegro added a menacing problem to the world's sum total of injustice and unrest. In an epoch when the resentment of oppressed minorities everywhere is offering grave menace to internal and international peace, they created a new oppressed minority—the Bulgarian minority in Greece, Servia, and Rumania.

The portent of the future is to be seen plainly in the fact that the Bulgarian people, before the ink is fairly dry upon the sinister pages of the Treaty of Bucharest, have begun their preparations for the struggle of to-morrow, which is to right the wrong that has been imposed upon them by superior force at the moment of their greatest weakness. Czar Ferdinand gave faithful expression to the passionate sentiments of his country when, in his proclamation announcing the termination of the second Balkan war, he declared that the nation was exhausted but not beaten, and called upon his soldiers to pass on to their children and their grandchildren the story of their achievements against the

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historic Asiatic foe, and to bequeath to the coming generation the task of uniting the ravaged Bulgarian race.

It would be a grave error to regard the appeal of that proclamation as a mere rhetorical utterance. The indomitable spirit of the Bulgarian people—the spirit that enabled them to survive the five centuries of Turkish domination, greatly aggravated by the ecclesiastical oppression of the Greek hierarchy—will enable them to rehabilitate themselves in a lifetime. Indeed, there are not lacking prophets of discernment who predict that the third Balkan war—the logical outcome of the second—will be fought in the next half-century. Although the present alignment of forces on the Balkan Peninsula would make such a contingency appear unlikely, it must be remembered that it is always the unexpected, if not the highly improbable, that is certain to happen in the bewildering course of Balkan politics. The nation which, in 1885, annexed a Turkish province without a blow; and which, in 1908, tore up the Treaty of Berlin and achieved its independence without discharging a gun, has shown an astonishing capacity for accomplishing the impossible.

Bulgaria rests her cause upon its essential justice. She appeals to the sympathies of the world on the broad ground of legitimate aspirations. It is not land-greed that governs Bulgarian policy; it is not a vainglorious desire for a fantastic hegemony; it is not a sentimental harking-back to long-vanished achievements in remote history. The entire Bulgarian nation, from the palace to the lowliest herdsman's hut, is animated by a grim, plodding, irresistible determination to achieve its national unity. The disaster of 1913 will only delay the day of the attainment of this ideal. The allies who imposed their arbitrary will upon Bulgaria at the conference of Bucharest have sown a crop of injustice which is destined to ripen into a harvest of dragon's teeth.

SVETOZAR TONJOROFF.

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PROFESSOR ROYCE AND THE PROBLEM OF CHRISTIANITY

BY THE REV. JOHN T. DRISCOLL

In a recent work, *The Problem of Christianity,* Professor Royce makes an attempt to set forth a philosophy of Christianity which is based upon human experience and is in essential harmony with the teaching of philosophical idealism developed in his Gifford Lectures, *The World and the Individual.* In the Preface he states that these views have been gradually maturing since 1908, when he published *The Philosophy of Loyalty* and find expression in the Bross Lectures of 1912 on *The Sources of Religious Thought.* A review of his philosophical idealism expounded in *The World and the Individual* is contained in a former treatise on "Christian Philosophy." My purpose now is to criticize his attempt to apply this idealism to the Problem of Christianity wherein he discusses the Christian Doctrine of Life with the avowed purpose of setting forth the Essence of the Christian Religion.

THE PROBLEM OF CHRISTIANITY

To Professor Royce the Problem of Christianity arises from the relation of Christianity to the mind of to-day. The question he proposes to discuss is "in what way, if in any, can the modern man consistently be, in creed, a Christian?" The two terms of the comparison are clearly stated —viz., Christianity and the modern man. The means of the comparison are twofold: to state in empirical terms certain aspects of Christian Social experience and to defend these aspects in the light of a re-examination of certain fundamental metaphysical ideas. Thus three terms enter into the discussion: the modern man, a metaphysical theory, Christianity.

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To Professor Royce the modern man is a postulate and is "one who is supposed to teach what the education of the human race has taught him." "This postulate," he continues, "includes a doctrine that the human race, taken as a whole, has some genuine and significant spiritual unity, so that its life includes a growth in genuine insight," and adds that this doctrine contains "the implication that in light of common insight gradually attained by the whole race, our creed should be tested and, if needs be, revised." The inference drawn from these words is that the teaching of the modern man is true. Yet in fact we inherit the follies as well as the wisdom of the ages. What criterion is here presented to guide me between the truth and error of the past? Or to guide Professor Royce in disagreeing with traditional Christianity? Why should it be taken for granted that a discussion of the Problem of Christianity means the revision of Christianity up to the mental state of the modern man? Does not a suspicion enter the mind that the modern man might be revised up to the teaching of Christianity? The term, modern man, therefore is a fiction. Or it may be a modest way by which Professor Royce designates himself. Yet we are told that the test of a scientific discovery is the consensus of opinion, and that philosophers of to-day "do not agree regarding any one philosophical opinion." Even Professor Royce explains that these volumes are the exclusive result of his own study, that they contain a new interpretation of Christianity, and is at pains to point out how he differs from Hegel, James, Bergson, Professors MacIntosh and Sanday. May not the claim be made that they have inherited the wisdom of the ages? In truth, Professor Royce's doctrine is based on a postulate or assumption which can be maintained only by one who accepts his system of philosophical idealism.

Professor Royce admits that he faces the study of Christianity from the view-point of metaphysical idealism and that he applies the spirit of this idealism to the problems arising from the study. In this idealism are found no terms as "soul" or "mind." He admits "the self" or person and holds that it is constituted by conscious memory. The active element in the self is the "idea," which is a "volitional process" and is defined as "a plan of action." The ordinary Pragmatist—*i. e.*, Professor James—is concerned with the direct and immediate effect of the "idea-striv-

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ing." Professor Royce regards the ultimate purpose or "goal" of the idea and terms himself an "absolute Pragmatist."

Professor Royce denies immediate perception of the self or other selves. He deprecates the controversy about "precept" and "concept," calls these "sterile," and bases his whole system on a new and integrating cognitive process which he calls interpretation—that is, the mediating between two ideas or processes by means of a third. Only by interpretation do we know the self, for self is not "a datum," but a life or process containing three elements: past, present, and future. Interpretation sums up past experience into present experience, sets for us our future task, and thus brings us into touch with the real world. The Real World is therefore the interpretation of our present experience, namely, Appearance, and the idea of the goal of experience, namely, Reality. By interpretation only do we know other selves and things. For they are only "appearances" of reality, "embodiments" of the idea, "signs" with a meaning. The reality, the idea, the meaning are attained by interpretation, and our interpretations are "signs" to be further interpreted. Thus experience shows that our life is a realm of signs and is made up of interpretations of signs. Metaphysics generalizes this doctrine and applies it to the world at large. Hence the world is a process of interpretation not in its wholeness at any one moment, but through an infinite series of acts whereby the present progressively interprets the past to the future, thus constituting the temporal order. Thus the universe is one vast cosmic process of humanity moving on to its goal where is attained an all-embracing unity of consciousness. "The absolute, the sole and supreme Reality," is the entire process which is essentially social as made up of many individual selves. The aim and result of the process is the Absolute Self, which Professor Royce calls "the ideal community (common self) of all mankind."

Between the individual self on its way to the goal are various "spiritual communities," that is, common or social selves, through which man has closest relations to the immeasurably vast cosmic process, which is conceived as a process of coherent social evolution. Unity of consciousness constitutes the individual self. In like manner a unity of consciousness—a common consciousness among many indi-

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viduals—constitutes a community, namely, a common self. This unity of consciousness is based upon a common memory and a common ideal or hope among many individuals. As a social being, man lives in communities. The community has a sort of organic unity, a mind of its own, and behaves like a conscious unit or a "suprasensible being." The notion of the community suggests to Professor Royce a solution of the philosophical problem of the Many and the One, and also gives occasion to unfold his fundamental religious doctrine of the Two Levels, that is, man the individual and man the community.

Assuming the principle that religion is the product of certain human needs, Professor Royce seeks the origin and teaching of Christianity in Christian experience, not in the individual religious experience of Professor James, but in "that form of social religious experience which, in ideal, the Apostle Paul viewed as the experience of the Church." For religion is essentially social, in Professor Royce's view, because of man's essential relation to the social evolutive process of the cosmos. He holds that the human individual Jesus is not the founder of Christianity and denies that the problem of Christianity can be solved by views respecting the person of Jesus. For Christianity preaches salvation and salvation cannot come from an individual, but only from loyalty to a community of ideal purpose. Besides, historical evidence as to Christ's teaching is insufficient. "Humanly speaking," Jesus gave "the impetus" to the movement in preaching the Kingdom of Heaven, and humanly speaking this can be explained by "genius." Hence the modern man can be a Christian without holding any definite views about the person of Christ. Nor can the Apostle Paul be considered the founder, for what he taught he learned from the religious experience of the Christian Church. Professor Royce holds that the Christian community was the human founder of Christianity, but has no hypothesis about the origin of the community through lack of historical evidence. Yet he maintains that we have "priceless information about the essence of Christianity of the Pauline Churches and their actual life." The interpretation of the social religious experience of these churches reveals three ideas most characteristic of primitive Christianity—viz., the Community, the Lost State of the natural man, Atonement and Grace The discussion of these ideas are Professor Royce's

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contribution to the Problem of Christianity on the basis of a Social Study of Christian Origins.

THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF LIFE

Professor Royce holds that the problem of Christianity is the Christian Doctrine of Life. He says that this can be considered in a twofold light; as the product of human evolution and the outcome of a long history, and as the product of the social experience of the Pauline Churches. In the former view it is "the problem of humanity"; in the latter "it has features distinctively Christian." Therefore, he maintains that the doctrine should be analyzed in its relation to the whole lesson of human history and in the light of a philosophical study of this history, in order to know what Christianity is and means in the religious history of the race.

The Christian Doctrine of Life is constituted by the Three Ideas. Professor Royce teaches that these ideas have "a basis in human nature," are "the expressions of universal human needs, independent of Christianity," are "the verifiable results of the higher social religious experience of mankind," "can be estimated and put into practice without presupposing any one view of God or of revelation," and are "religious, for they relate to the salvation of mankind." This aspect is their "human and empirical aspect," for they furnish "a purely human philosophy of loyalty" and yet "are based upon metaphysical truths whose significance is more than human" (Lect. VIII).

To Professor Royce the natural condition of man is a state of social chaos. Man is an animal living in communities. These communities exist in human history in countless different forms and grades "of which the visible and historical Church is one instance." From the communities he derives religion, language, civilization, and all his natural powers. Constant tension and conflicts exist between self, his fellows, and the social will, which produce consciousness of self; that is, conscience. The standard of the social will, namely, the *law* of St. Paul, is an attempt to bring about social harmony, but in reality creates new and more complex tensions by the application of social discipline. Through this social training our self-will is developed and ideals arise. The more cultivated the training, the stronger grows the self-will. The evil increases and the burden grows

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heavier. The individual may obey (conduct), but he inwardly revolts (consciousness of conduct). As culture advances, the revolt (distraction of will) increases; for high social cultivation trains Individualism. Thus the individual is by nature subject to an overwhelming moral burden which springs from the *original sin* of social contentiousness, and is increased by social training and by personal guilt. His natural condition is one of sin, for the sinfulness belongs to the race in its corporate capacity and the social order breeds conscious sinners. No act of his can save him. Escape is not from this type of cultivation—that is, the *law*. Help (salvation, which is winning the true goal of life) must come from a source above his level—that is, the *spirit*, which rescues him and lifts him from his fallen state.

The higher source, whence salvation comes, is, according to Professor Royce, the Community. For communities tend to be organized into more composite communities of still higher grade, of vaster conscious unity. Through the community the individual is most closely related to the world process, shares its spirit and lives its life, a life of ever-increasing conscious unity. Apart from the spirit and life of the community, the individual is viewed as "morally detached" and in "a lost state." Hence we read that the doctrine of the Community is "a doctrine about the being, nature, and manifestation of God."

Here is unfolded Professor Royce's doctrine about the two levels of human existence: man, the individual, on the level of *the flesh* and *the law*, and man, the community, on the level of the *spirit*. He holds that they are levels of mental human beings and differ as two grades of human life. The individual regards the community as higher, nobler, more powerful, more enduring than himself, and shows this practical faith by devoted loyalty to its interests. He no longer loves according to the *flesh*—that is, as a mere individual loves a mere individual—but according to the *spirit*, and this love is loyalty. To him loyalty becomes the solution of the problem of personal life. The loyal "are, in ideal, essentially kin," in them all is "a spirit essentially one," and as loyalty begets loyalty, the logical development of the loyal spirit is "the rise of the consciousness of the ideal of a universal community of the loyal." Hence the higher of the two levels is essentially, endlessly, and divinely above the individual level, and to act as a member of such a

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community is to win what religion calls salvation. This loyalty, namely, thorough-going devotion to a cause which unites many selves in one, appeals to the individual by fixing attention on a life incomparably vaster than his own, and belongs to no one time, country, or people. Hence experience shows that salvation for man lies in the purely human philosophy of loyalty and loyalty is a religion, for it creates a new type of consciousness—love for the Community—and thus effects a spiritual transformation in the individual.

The "Lost State" includes not only the "morally detached" individual—that is, one who has not found his ideal community, but also the individual who, having found it, has lost it by proving false to the ideal—a traitor. Is there any reconciliation between him and his community, his moral world? Not on the part of the traitor; his deed cannot be undone and by it he belongs to the "Hell of the Irrevocable." But atonement can be given the community through heroic deeds performed on his behalf by some faithful servant in whom the very spirit of the community is incarnated. Treason's lost causes have proved to be opportunities for humanity's most triumphant loyalty. It is a human triumph of the creative spirit of humanity that could not undo the treason, but, through skill and ingenuity, effected the heroic act which transformed the meaning of the treason and made the world better by a transfiguration of loss into gain. In illustration, Professor Royce cites the story of Joseph and his brethren, where Joseph is the symbol for the spirit of the family and the result of the atoning act is a more perfect family unity. Through atonement the traitor enters into a saving union with the community, for his act of treason, now transfigured, is part of the community life. Hence atonement is the function in which the life of the community culminates. It teaches that in due time loyal love will oppose its atoning deeds to treason's sin. Professor Royce holds that Christianity expressed this teaching in the symbolic form of a report concerning the supernatural work of Christ, and humanity must express it through the devotion, genius, skill, labor of its loyal servants in whom its spirit is incarnated. The teaching and the symbol, he adds, "are two sides of the same life—at once human and divine."

The doctrine of the two levels arising from the study of human experience is, according to Professor Royce, the

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doctrine out of which the whole of Christianity grows. For Christianity, he tells us, was founded on the idea of a Community, whose spirit or life was the spirit or life of its risen Lord, held as a present possession by an ideal common memory of a past event, "the rising of Jesus to the realm of the spirit," and by an ideal common hope of a future event, when, according to the Apostle, "we should rise with him" to the spirit, with love enlivening and completing both memory and hope. This belief, he says, grew out of the Master's teaching about the Kingdom of Heaven. Professor Royce holds that, historically speaking, Christianity never appeared as the religion taught by the Master, but as an interpretation of his teaching, going beyond it, and this was due to the presence of the founder's spirit. The enlargement of doctrine is shown especially, he says, in the fact that the Master, like other religious leaders in the world's history, emphasized God and our neighbor only. Whereas the Apostle Paul introduced a third being, a corporate Entity, "the Body of Christ," which he claims to be "a new revelation" discovered in his experience of an Apostle as the product of the life of the Christian Community itself and due to "the spirit of his Lord." To Paul the Church was "the very presence of his Lord," at once "a fact of present experience and a divine creation," hence "a mystery," "whose origin was wholly miraculous." Professor Royce holds that this belief "constitutes a new beginning in the evolution of Christianity. The Master had laid stress on the value of individual life, but St. Paul, as also Professor Royce, holds individuality to be the source of all our sin and woe. Only by ceasing to be a mere individual, through love for the Body of Christ, can one be saved. Thus the neighbor is transfigured as a member of the Beloved Community. We love him not as an individual—this the Master taught, but as a member of this Divine Community which, in ideal, is one conscious unity of all mankind. The spirit of the "risen Lord," which is the life of the Body, through love becomes our own. Hence love is loyalty and loyalty is Christian faith and Christian faith is grace and grace is the mystery of the incarnation in another form. Thus salvation comes through loyalty, for loyalty involves "an essentially new type of consciousness"—that is, "the consciousness of one who loves the community as a person."

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Professor Royce holds that the Master's teaching concerning the Kingdom of Heaven, which the Apostle presented in a new revelation as the Body of Christ, "developed into the conception which the historic Church formed of its own mission, but says that the true Church is "one endlessly and conscious human spirit, whose life is to be lived on its own level"; hence invisible and still to be created by a process of evolution.

Therefore, according to Professor Royce, an examination into the Christian Doctrine of Life shows (1) how the Spirit, the Community, the process of Salvation, are genuine realities transcending any of their human embodiments; (2) that Christianity is the most effective expression of religious loyalty which the human race has, in its corporate capacity, expressed; (3) that the rock upon which the true and ideal church is built is the doctrine that the Community, wherein dwells the divine redeeming spirit, is, through loyalty, the source of salvation.

THE ESSENCE OF CHRISTIANITY

The aim and result of the work under discussion is to point out what is vital in Christianity, so that the modern man may know what to hold and be a Christian. Professor Royce gives the solution of the problem by way of an illustration. Let us suppose the case of a young, highly educated, Greek philosopher who became a convert of the Pauline Church and, after living the life of an earnest Christian, at length dies. He comes to life in due time, is carefully instructed in our art, history, philosophy, and then is brought face to face with Christianity as it now exists. How, asks the Professor, can he, astonished and saddened at the essential changes which have taken place, retain his Christian faith? And answers:

> "The one thing he must hold fast is the Pauline Doctrine of the presence of the redeeming divine spirit in the living church. This is the essence of Christianity in the Pauline Churches and in all the subsequent ages of Christian development. Thus he will keep in touch with historical Christianity—His church will neither be the official church nor the sect—His test of the church will be simply this, that it actually unifies all mankind and makes them one in the divine spirit. All else in Paul's teaching he may come to regard as symbol or as legend. This is the essence of the faith of the Apostles."

This solution sounds strange coming from such a source.

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Professor Royce's volumes are a treatise in religious Social Psychology. A fundamental principle of this Psychology is " that religion springs from our conscious needs " and he expressly states that " the religious needs of the modern man are different from any ever before experienced and still greater changes will come in the near future " (I. 387). Why not then give the redivivus young Greek a course in religious Social Psychology and prepare him not only to accept a changed Christianity, but to *look with suspicion* upon a Christianity that has not changed? Again Professor Royce teaches that the " person " or " self " is not " a datum," but a " life " or " a process " and implies the description to the individual self, the social self, and the absolute self, of which the world-process is the expression. The social or common self—that is, the Community—is the basic idea in his treatise and has a marvelous richness of possible expansion without any limitation or interruption so far as the nature of the common self is concerned. Now both experience and science tell that growth or development is a law of life. On this doctrine of the self, I ask why does Professor Royce think that his young friend should be surprised or that he should regard the Pauline community as " a datum " or a fixture and not as " a life " or " a process "? In the emergency the simple and consistent course for the author is, not to forget his own philosophy, but to give a clear exposition of his theory of knowledge and of metaphysical idealism to his perplexed friend. Moreover, Professor Royce holds that interpretation is the ruling category of mental life and of the world-process, and that it is of the nature of interpretation to create something new. Hence our mental life, our code of morality, everything about us, change at each succeeding moment, as also does the conscious time-stream change. He applies this principle to the Pauline community and says that this being, the Body of Christ, first discovered the three ideas constituting the Christian Doctrine of Life in the effort to interpret the Master's teaching, that these ideas were a " new revelation " and " a new beginning in the evolution of Christianity," and that, furthermore, the dogmas of the Trinity and of the Incarnation were only symbols whereby the Pauline consciousness attempted to set forth the relation between the Absolute, the Spirit of the Pauline community, and the human founder Jesus. Now the young man should be aware

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of this. The reader will be forced to conclude that the Greek was totally ignorant both of Professor Royce's philosophy and of the evolutive life of the Pauline Churches as he has described this life.

In presenting a symbolic interpretation of Christianity, Professor Royce is influenced by his theory of knowledge, which exhibits the " idea " as a conscious ideal-striving and by his metaphysical idealism which considers the universe as an ideal evolution of one endlessly creative and conscious human spirit. This evolutive spirit he calls the Universal or the Beloved Community, namely, the whole common consciousness of mankind. This is the one reality; all else are figures or symbols—partial embodiments of the reality. Hence God is a symbol for the community as a whole. The historical Church is a partial embodiment and the ideal Church is another name for the community. The ideas making up the Christian Doctrine of Life, the parables of Jesus, the dogmas of the Church are symbols of the evolution process in whole or in part. The human individual Jesus is the incarnation of the Spirit or life of humanity, just as the Christian Church is the incarnation of the Spirit of Jesus, and as we ourselves are the incarnations of humanity's spirit or life, when, through loyalty, we become one with this life or, through heroic deeds, we atone for humanity's wrongs. Hence Professor Royce questions the historical truth of the Gospels and holds that the life of Jesus was " the object of many legendary reports so framed that they include a symbolism whereby a portion of the *true faith* is expressed."

This explanation is not new. He proposes for our acceptance the mythical theory of Strauss written not as a historian nor as a theologian, but as a disciple of Hegel's Idealism. Strauss viewed the Hegelian process in its subjective aspect, sought the basic truths of Christianity in the early Christian consciousness, regarded Christ of the New Testament as the outcome of this consciousness, and held that legendary reports and embellishments were merely symbols for spiritual ideas. But the theory was too fanciful, could not withstand the comparison of the truthful matter-of-fact character of the New Testament writings with the Apocrypha and was rejected by scholars. In *Old and New Faith* 1870 Strauss confessed to disappointment at the outcome of his labors.

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CRITICISM

Professor Royce writes that he has "approached this study" not as a historian, nor as a theologian, but as a philosopher." Therefore the criticism regards him as a philosopher only.

To him the Community is the fundamental notion in the religious history of the race and in Christianity. The community is the *common* self and, he says, is constituted by a common consciousness. Thus the definition of the community is based upon the definition of the Self. He holds that the Self is constituted by conscious memory. Hence the individual is a self because he possesses a present unity of conscious memory ideally extended to the future. But the teaching that consciousness constitutes the Self is an error in philosophy coming down from Locke and Kant. Conscious memory *makes me aware of* my personal identity and *presupposes* it. Memory or loss of memory does not change *me* or what *I* did. Forgetfulness, aphasia, dementia, delirium, sleep, do not change the person or self, but produce different *states* of the same Self. Hence a distinction should be made between *Self* and the *states* of the Self. Hence the notion of Professor Royce's Community is radically erroneous.

Again, in describing the natural state of man, he adopts the teaching of Hobbes and Spencer. But in fact this teaching is only a *philosophical theory* and *not proved.* Rousseau and his followers hold the peaceful state of the natural man. This opinion is a *philosophical theory* also, and *not proved.* Therefore upon a philosophical theory not proved and not universally accepted by anthropologists he bases his doctrine of the origin of the community. What becomes of his criterion that the consensus of opinion is necessary for a scientific hypothesis?

From the notion of the Community springs Professor Royce's doctrine of the Two Levels, which he claims to be the fundamental principle in religious history and in Christianity. Now in fact the careful reader distinguishes *three* levels—viz., the individual, the community actually existing, and the ideal community, namely, of ideal purpose, He draws on some current Sociological Psychology to show that actual communities have a mental and ethical unity of their own which makes them appear to the individual as "Suprapersonal beings." He leaves the reader to imply

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that all this applies to *ideal* communities. But this implication is not at all clear. True, actual communities may not be made up of soul-mates or affinities, but they have a moral unity, or, to use the author's thought, a unity constituted by the spirit. Why then could not the individual find "his fulfilment and moral destiny" in devoted loyalty to actual communities? Furthermore, this current Sociological Psychology is based on the definition of the Self, which was shown to be erroneous, and regards man as an animal progressively evolving a human nature—another philosophical theory not by any means proved.

The fundamental error of Professor Royce is his teaching concerning the nature of man and of mental life. In denying immediate perception he falls into phenomenal idealism which develops into a metaphysical idealism where *idea, spirit, humanity* are regarded as the only realities. But as a matter of fact these are only *Personifications*. He does not seem to be aware that notion, judgment, and reasoning are fundamental elements in our mental life. Finally he defines the "idea" in terms of will. But this is contrary to the testimony of consciousness. That intellect and will are different is an elemental fact of conscious experience. The intellect is the cognitive mode or form of our conscious life; whereas the will is the source of motive power. A psychologist would be no more justified in combining intellect and will than would be a physiologist in blending the afferent and efferent nerves in one act. Moreover, these faculties are unequal in the individual. Intellect and will are called modes in which our soul-life is manifested. Hence, though distinct from each other, they are not separated in the sense that they are two entities, but unite in a unity by virtue of the spiritual principle—viz., the soul, whose modes of activity they are.

This is the aim of the present article: to point out that the most noteworthy publication of the year on the Philosophy of Religion, carefully constructed and written in beautiful language with a wealth of illustration, is, in the last analysis, based upon an erroneous definition of the "idea"—the most fundamental and apparently the simplest element in mental life.

JOHN T. DRISCOLL.

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THE VISION OF GETTYSBURG

(1863–1913)

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

I

What if, that day, when on those tawny slopes,
Made as by Mars for battle, but till then
Still happily unhistoric, steeped in peace,
Two foes, of age-long enmity, drew near—
(Foes of torn forest and of trampled field,
Not in the smart apparel of parade
But long bedraggled with the toil of war,
Will matched with will, courage to courage set,
In tremulous expectancy of fate,
Each with the hopes of millions in reserve);—

What if, while strong men nearer to their hearts
Pressed their worn amulets: a wisp of hair;
A woman's tear-stained letters; some small toy;
The penciled tracing of a baby's hand;
Likeness of child by father never seen,
To whom that father was to be a myth
Told by a lonely fireside through the years;—

What if, at that weak moment of the brave,
Before the sign of serried death was given,
The Angel of the Future, in a white dream
Of morning mist that blotted out the scene,
Had swept in solemn beauty down the lines,
Trailing a scroll of visioned prophecy,
Till all had seen that field with second sight,
And all had heard her words:

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"O warriors, stay!
Unshotted be the cannon, sheathed the sword.
Look on this picture, half a century hence,
When ye, the tottering remnants who shall live
To mourn the comrades who to-day shall die,
Shall be again the brothers ye are now
But seem not now to be. Look close!
Who are those old who mimic the assault
Ye face to-day, crossing this very ground
To meet not Death but Love? See, clasped in peace,
Not clenched, your hands. Those heads of gray are yours.
Time has outwept the colors of your flags,
The strife forgiven, all the hate forgot.
Sires of the not-yet-orphaned, will ye die?"

With such a vision, slowly fading back
From dream to dread, from dread to dream again,
Could one have given the awful word of death,
Or human hearts obeyed it?

Yes, ah yes!
In all great enterprises of the soul
The immediate duty is the strongest lure.
Not lightly did these follow the red trail,
Not for adventure, not for murderous sport,
Nor glory, oft more sordid than grosser gain;
But for the stark necessity of Man
To heed his conscience' trumpet, lest he die
And live on, dead! So,—that the God within,
Who haunts our coward days, might be appeased,—
With war's momentum in their heated veins,
And with a Hebrew prophet's certainty,
Each called on Heaven for justice, and rushed on!

II

We say they fought each for the Right he saw.
There is but one good greater than the Right—
The imperishable Love of Right. That stays,
The needle of our destiny, howe'er
Its sensient tremblings momently may swerve.
God of the storm, the fog, the sinking sea,
Be praised for that deliverance!

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And yet—
What if that strife, which all men said must be,
Solvent of error, touchstone of respect,
New bond of strength, *need never to have been?*
We doubt, but what shall ermined History say?
Somewhere in every devastating storm
Of hungry flame that sweeps the night with fear
Once lurked a primal spark not hard to quench;
Perchance it smoldered long in soft neglect,
Till came a breeze, gentle as infant's breath,
And piled on peril ruin and dismay—
Ashes for beauty, as though patient years
Had been withdrawn from Time, to be consumed.
Of our dire conflagration who shall name
The careless passer, or the sleeping guard,
Or those who left the danger to their sons,
Trusting the futile trench of compromise?
I name them boldly: the revered, the great,
Firstlings of fame in every patriot's thought,
The sculptured saints about the nation's fane,
Their faults forgotten in a people's pride.

Men of that elder day, who gave us life,
Honor for what you did, but not, alas!
For what you left undone. For, when you built
The nation's temple, hallowing every stone
With sacrifice, you knew a serpent dwelt
'Neath its foundations, yet you took your ease
And left the poison of its brood to spread.
On you, on you the blood of Gettysburg!

III

For whom these fables? Are they not for us?
Are there not other serpents that demand
The firm Herculean grasp? And other fires
Mad with destructive spirit half subdued?
Must Wisdom's torch consume a hundred hills
That it may give us light to see our path
Into peace-haunted valleys?

Land of ours!
Not less they love thee who must chide the faults

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Of those that serve thee. Be thou wise as strong—
Justice to-day thy fortress of to-morrow;
Better than battleships thine own Good Will;
The bond of all thy children Equal Laws,
Their pride thine Honor. Not unto thyself
Alone thou livest but to Space and Time!
Lead thou thy leaders, lead they not aright,
That, seeing clearly where our fathers failed,
We leave no legacy of wanton strife
As bones of prey to tempt the beast in Man,
Lest, surfeited with carnage, sadder days
Shall scorn our ashes, and impute to us
The squandered blood of Gettysburgs to come.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

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A HIGH-MINDED PUBLIC MAN

BY W. D. HOWELLS

THE introduction to Mr. Horace White's biography of Lyman Trumbull[1] is such an excellent piece of writing, such an admirable synthesis of the motives and actions of the drama following, such a clear forecasting of the scene on which it lifts the curtain, that it will be the disadvantage, almost the misfortune, of any one who allows his prejudice or habit against every manner of preface, to influence him in leaving it unread.

The ground reached through it has been traversed so much that scarcely any part is free from the footprints of those who have passed over it; yet, here it seems new country, and the tale already told so often gathers freshness from the unimpassioned conscience and the unbroken self-control of a narrator who was also a spectator of so large a part of his story. If one regrets, while one recurs to this introduction from the ensuing chapters, that the whole book could not have been written in the same strain, one must recognize that the same conscience and self-control demanded and resulted in a different method. Men's lives are lived in episodes; it is only when they have long been lived and are compressed in the foreshortening which history permits and perhaps requires, that their events can be treated as the color and texture of man's life. I do not know whether it was with the sense of this that the biographer changed his method when he came to his task in detail, but it is certain that he then ceases to generalize, that he forbids himself conjecture, and handles each fact in turn upon its own merits, relating it afterward to the other human events, and sparingly examining it at last as to its moral significance. It is a method which, as often as you note it, must persuade

[1] *The Life of Lyman Trumbull.* By Horace White. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1913.

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you of the peculiar fitness of such a man as Mr. White to write the life of such a man as Lyman Trumbull. His own long career as journalist, merging definitely in that of economist, began with the young newspaper man's experience in reporting the debates of Lincoln and Douglas. He learned to know the politics of the nation from thoroughly knowing the politics of Illinois; and he speaks of history from witness, if not experience, parallel with that of the man whose life he writes. No other sort of man could have done that sort of man such entire justice with such constant perception that the strictest justice in his case was the largest generosity. This is saying, I suppose, that the two men, the man who lived the life and the man who has written it, seem temperamentally of one make; and having said this I may safely leave the point to the reader's opinion; but I will allow myself further the pleasure of imagining the biographer's satisfaction in completing the story of his hero (as he would be loath to call him) on the conditions of simple verity which the hero himself would have chosen. I think that ought to be a very great satisfaction, and I think it must be a satisfaction almost as great to the author when he recurs to his characterization of this man or that to find that he has treated no man as a friend or a foe, but has used all alike with the same even justice as he has used his hero.

Hero and heroic are terms which I would not choose myself if I could readily put my pen on their analogues; but after all, they are, perhaps, not so much out of proportion; and the figure which is here posed against the background of that great time when the soul of the nation was gathering force to disown the national crime of slavery, does not lose grandeur as the background is lighted more and more by the common noon and commoner afternoon of mixed motives through which that soul redeemed itself. As wholly as Lincoln himself, Trumbull kept his actions free of these mixed motives; he was even less a politician, with less of political ambition than the man over whom, at the beginning of their joint national careers, he won the Illinois Senatorship. Lincoln had been the Anti-Slavery Whig Representative of his district in Congress, and Trumbull had been the Democratic lawyer who fought slavery in the Illinois Courts; but the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the formation of the Anti-Nebraska party brought them together in the political

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and personal amity which lasted through Lincoln's life and prolonged itself after his death in Trumbull's fidelity to his policy of reconstruction. It was by Lincoln's favor that Trumbull was first chosen Senator, but the favor was not bestowed till there was no longer any hope of his own success. These two great men were friends from that time on, but friends who respected without sentimentalizing or romancing each other. Very likely each had his reservations as to the other; there is no record, apparently, of Lincoln's reservation concerning Trumbull, but in the very important letter of Trumbull to his son, written long after the popular estimate of Lincoln was fixed, and here printed for the first time, he analyzes the nature of his friend with a frankness which is as unsparing as the spirit of the study is unenvious. He does justice to Lincoln's extraordinary qualities as a citizen, a lawyer, an orator, a statesman, but he seems not to realize the greatness of that mystical combination of tender humanity, poetic sensibility, and essential humility which could consist with towering ambition and plenary power. Yet in the end Trumbull portrays Lincoln in terms which recognize the nature of the man, and which, while they limit the exaggerations of the popular ideal, leave his grandeur almost unimpeached. "To sum up his character it may be said that as a man he was honest, pure, kind-hearted, and sympathetic; as a lawyer, clear-headed, astute, and successful; as a politician, ambitious, shrewd, and far-seeing; as a public speaker, incisive, clear, and convincing, often eloquent, clothing his thoughts in the most beautiful and attractive language, a logical reasoner, and yet most unmethodical in all his ways; as President during a great civil war he lacked executive ability, and that resolution and prompt action essential to bring it to a speedy and successful close; but he was a philanthropist and a patriot, ardently devoted to the Union and the equality and freedom of all men."

It would have been very desirable to have Mr. White's comment on this passage, but he makes none, and probably he feels that it is sufficiently the analysis of the man who wrote it as well as the man whom it analyzes. Taken in its circumstances and its relation to the political and personal friendship of the two men, it is very interesting, and the whole letter is a document of surpassing value, amid so many documents which will render this biography one of the most valuable contributions to our history. Psychologically

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it is scarcely less interesting, for it is the expression of a man who, after all, was compelled to the utterance of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, whenever he was summoned to bear witness of the actions and motives of others. It is as such a man that his biographer wishes him always to be seen, and he blinks no fact of his career which could judge him adversely; though mostly he lets the facts alone judge him. Probably Mr. White would rather Trumbull had not so fully identified himself late in his long public life with the free-silver heresy as to have written the platform of the People's Party; but he contents himself with recording that at Trumbull's house, where he met Mr. Bryan, whose talk ran eagerly on free silver, "Trumbull was inclined to the same belief," and then merely adds "we had an animated but friendly discussion on that question." As for the bold stand taken by Trumbull against "judicial usurpation," and the excesses of federal judges in "issuing blanket injunctions and punishing people for contempt of their assumed authority" his biographer notes merely that his position "was not, on the whole, more radical than the so-called Progressive platform of the present day."

It is not clear how much or little he approves of Trumbull's offer of his services in the case of Debs, or whether he finds Trumbull's position overstated in Mr. Clarence Darrow's saying that "the socialistic trend of the venerable statesman's opinions in his later years sprang from his deep sympathies with all unfortunates; that sympathy made him an anti-slavery Democrat in his early years, and afterward a Republican. He became convinced that the poor who toil for a living in this world were not getting a fair chance. His heart was with them." But it is Mr. White's habit throughout to let the reader make up his own mind and not to make it up for him. The biographer's opinions have long been known as at least conservative on points of political economy, and if he has preferred not to test the opinions of his hero (again the word which does not exactly fit) by them, that is an effect both of good taste and good sense, which his reader will hardly quarrel with.

As Trumbull moves through the story, his figure is peculiarly impressive from the changes which his mind and conduct seem to undergo. There are two kinds of men who are common enough in public life; the men who start liberal and end conservative, and the men who start conservative

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and end liberal. Here, however, is a man who began his political life as a member of the reactionary party called Democratic, but had not gone far when he found himself averse to its cherished pro-slavery principles, and promptly took a leading part in the revolution against the slave-holders and their usurpation which followed the threatened repeal of the Missouri Compromise. His election to the United States Senate was one of the first triumphs of the Anti-Nebraska party, as it was called until it was called Republican. There at once he made a prominent stand against the reactionary party of his earliest affiliation. When Lincoln was elected and the war came, he was among the foremost in urging the administration to quick and vigorous dealing with the threatened and threatening rebellion. He thought the patient and temporizing Lincoln inadequate to the vital occasion, but he upheld him against the friends and against the foes who would have forced or fettered his wavering hand. When the war was over and the wisdom of Lincoln's plan for reconstruction appealed to men's desire for mercy as well as justice, he lent it the support of his whole strength, which was not withdrawn from the hapless man in whose hands the plan finally fell to pieces. He opposed whatever was craziest in the plans of reconstruction pressed upon the situation by Johnson's self-righteous as well as righteous enemies, and he fought the President's impeachment. When the errors and scandals of Grant's administration seemed to become a greater danger than they perhaps were, the ardent Republican of the party's better days helped organize the tragical disaster of the Greeley campaign, and ended his political career with it. After that he underwent some political defeats, but he had no more political successes, and it was in the practice of his profession at the bar that he developed the tendencies to what one must call the humaner side of our civic life, and wanted the poor, who earned the bread of all, to have their share of it. He feared the accumulation of money in a few hands, and apparently he hoped that something might be done by turning the gold there to silver. A man whose earlier and later life was spent in Courts of Law mistrusted the arrogance of judges, and nearly twenty years before the Progressive Party was, stopped short only of its ideal of the Recall. By this long way about, which includes in its circuit nearly the whole history of the nation and its most eminent events, he returned to "the dream of his

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youth " to something of the indignant passion which burns in the letter telling his father of the murder of Lovejoy at Alton.

But I shall not be surprised if the reader who has followed my rehearsal of the apparently inconsistent events of Trumbull's public life shall deny that they are even apparently inconsistent. He may very well say that the variations are the effects of a temperamental fidelity to one continuous purpose; of the man's will, at all costs, to be true to himself in order that he may not be false to any man. Those great days through which he lived were very difficult days; the aviators have found " pits of air " in the atmosphere of our globe, and the empyrean is not always plain sailing; but few have laid a course and kept it with such constancy as the virtuous, the courageous, the veracious statesman whose story his biographer has seen as an important part of our national history.

His name, of course, was already a part of our history, for he was of that famous Connecticut family which in seven generations had been known for qualities which culminated in his American greatness. In our first stirrings of national consciousness the young Commonwealth became known to itself as " Brother Jonathan," as Washington liked to call that Jonathan Trumbull for whose seasoned judgments he waited in many moments of doubt with trust and affection; and our earliest achievements in art were the masterly paintings of that other Trumbull who made himself more definitely remembered. How much of his greatness Lyman Trumbull derived from his ancestry his biographer does not inquire, but we must imagine that it was no little. It wants many Lincolns to persuade mankind that a man may be efficiently and sufficiently his own ancestor, and we still look to the past for assurance of the future. It appears, however, that Lyman Trumbull, of Illinois, had no need of drawing upon the Trumbulls of Connecticut for the power to make his way nobly and beneficiently in his generation, to be a great statesman, an eloquent orator, a patriotic citizen whose love of country did not finally fail to embrace the hardest-worked and the poorest-paid of his fellow-citizens. It is not for public men to wear their hearts upon their sleeves; they are not expected to do it; but it is somehow consoling to know that this public man, whom most men thought cold and many found aloof, was a man of warm and

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tender affections. But why then has this man whom we have such reason, and so many reasons, to remember as one of the foremost of his time, held only a secondary place in the popular remembrance, while other men of cheaper make have held a primary place? Lincoln forever justifies his supremacy in our memory, but after him why Seward, why Sumner, why Chase, why not immediately Trumbull? It is evident that with all his fine and noble qualities he was not a leader of men. One of the most convincing of orators was not the most moving of advocates. One of the most sagacious of statesmen was not the most influential of politicians. A man whom his fellow-men had every cause to love and honor lacked the magic to dazzle them; his goodness and greatness were not obvious to those who could not come near him. His mind was judicial, not constructive; he was the fearless and upright judge of other men as well as of himself, and no party willingly bears unsparing scrutiny of its nature, or wishes to be made better or happier by the wisdom that convicts it of evil or folly; we always desire the Last Day put off as long as possible. If, as it might seem, Lyman Trumbull eventually found out that he was most the friend of those who most needed friends, of the industrial as well as the chattel slaves, but found it out so late that he had no longer the strength of his prime to give them, that would be pathetic. But no man creates his circumstances, or groups the events that form the opportunity of his highest powers. After all, there seems to be an over-ruling Providence, though its ways are dark.

W. D. Howells.

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THE ENGLISH GIRL IN FICTION

BY MRS. W. L. COURTNEY.

A LOVER of London and a lover of nature once maintained that you could not walk down the whole length of even the worst of its slum streets without catching some glimpse up a side alley or along a distant vista of a green and growing tree. It is probably just as true to say that no novel since Fielding and Richardson down to the present day is without its portrait of an English girl. Fielding put her upon a pedestal as Sophia Western, Richardson sentimentalized her in Clarissa. Thackeray, following Fielding rather than Richardson, but a little influenced by both, gave us insipid goodness in Amelia Sedley, and the Madonna-goddess type in Laura Pendennis. However, he atoned for these rather undiscriminating presentments by his real flesh-and-blood, early Victorian young woman with a character, Ethel Newcome, and his still more real Regency young woman without a character, Becky Sharp. Dickens's girls carried sentimental insipidity even further than Thackeray's, and his novels are unredeemed by any girl portrait which can stand beside Ethel or Becky. Lord Lytton's young women were as unreal as his romantic heroes; and it was left to the women novelists of the nineteenth century, with perhaps Anthony Trollope as their one male competitor, to paint the English girl as she has come to be known by the generation now old enough to judge her.

The truth is that anything like an accurate portrait of the normal English girl of the upper classes does not date back much before 1850. And not without good reason. A good portrait, though preserving the type, must also individualize it, and before 1850 no well-brought-up young Englishwoman had any individuality worth mentioning, or, if she had, she took very good care to conceal it. The only exception which I can call to mind, and one must have one excep-

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tion to prove the rule, is Miss Austen's Elizabeth in *Pride and Prejudice*. She is the solitary instance of a young, unmarried girl of strong individuality as the chief and most interesting figure in a novel, which does really represent the life of what early Victorian England called the gentry. In the mid-Victorian period girls begin to come to their own, partly, no doubt, because of the exceptional and independent position of the two great women novelists of the period, Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot. Neither of these could create colorless types. George Eliot out of her own bitter experience drew Maggie Tulliver, Charlotte Brontë in her moorland solitude imagined Jane Eyre and Shirley and Lucy Snowe. But somewhere about 1850, following close upon *Jane Eyre* and anticipating *The Mill on the Floss* by ten years, Charlotte Mary Yonge, a normal Englishwoman leading an ordinary life and with no exceptional experience to develop her powers, began that long series of domestic novels on which young English womanhood was reared for nearly half a century; and before the pen had quite dropped from her fingers it was taken up—with a difference—by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

A comparison between the two writers, who covered so long a period in English letters, is in itself interesting. Mrs. Ward was born two years before Miss Yonge published *The Heir of Redclyffe*, the first novel which made her famous; the younger writer, who had herself in early life been among Miss Yonge's disciples, published her own first important novel, *Robert Elsmere*, in 1888. Though Miss Yonge had not then ceased writing—indeed her last story, *Modern Broods*, did not appear until 1900, the year before her death—all her work, which will survive, was by that date long behind her; but her successor is happily still giving us girl portraits, witness *The Mating of Lydia*, only published this year. Between them, therefore, these two distinguished novelists have covered more than the lifetime of two generations. And what generations! For it would be no exaggeration to say that the six decades between 1850 and 1910 have meant more for English womanhood, and indeed for womanhood throughout the Western world, than any previous six centuries.

Just contrast for a moment the position of women in 1850, when higher education was still a dream of the future, with their position in 1910, when most of the learned professions

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are open to them and they are already far on the way toward political enfranchisement. When Miss Yonge began writing a family council was held to decide whether the career of an author was proper for a young woman, and it was decided that it could only be countenanced, if she gave all her profits to some deserving object. The Census figures for 1911 show an astonishing variety of trades and professions pursued by women as a livelihood, and the list would be even longer, but for the mistaken zeal of the more advanced spirits, who signalized that year by a determined protest against being enumerated by a Government which refused to grant them citizenship. From shrinking authorship to militant suffragism is a far cry indeed; but it marks with sufficient emphasis the number of milestones passed by women, whilst Miss Yonge and Mrs. Ward were chronicling their progress.

The qualifications of the two writers for their task were not dissimilar. Both were in the best sense of the word cultured, both were the product of the best kind of English home; from neither would ever come a page or a sentence which could possibly bring a blush to the cheek of the most sensitive young person, and yet both did describe real life, the guarded life of English domesticity among the upper middle classes. Mrs. Humphry Ward and Miss Charlotte Yonge have as much claim to be called realists as Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Arnold Bennett, in the sense that they are close observers and faithful recorders. That they chose to limit their observations for the most part to these so-called "upper classes" is their business; after all, those classes may conceivably be just as well worth observing as Mr. Wells's shopmen and Mr. Arnold Bennett's Midland manufacturers. That they particularly observed the English girl will be an unmixed gain to future students of the feminist movement. Miss Yonge, as befitted her date, observed her in submission, Mrs. Ward observed her on the threshold of revolt. The older writer, who belonged to the ecclesiastical traditions of Keble and Pusey, could never get far away from the English vicarage; the later novelist, brought up in the critical Arnold tradition, felt, as Matthew Arnold had felt, the "sick fatigue, the languid doubt" of a generation which had ceased to be more than "light half-believers of their casual creeds." Consequently she deserted the vicarage for the larger world of society, and she

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concerned herself with the political, industrial, and social problems of the later nineteenth century. But in spite of this marked difference in the pictures presented, the historian of the future, desirous to see what the English girl was like in the six decades before militant suffragism was thought of, could not do better than begin with Miss Yonge and follow on with Mrs. Ward.

Miss Yonge is probably not so well known now across the Atlantic as her successor. Reared in a quiet English village, and taught by a clever father Greek and Latin, mathematics and all the subjects which belong to a university education, but which were not then as a rule included in a young lady's curriculum, she preferred all her life to hide her light under a bushel. She was an only child, with a longing for childish companionship which finds rather pathetic expression in the pictures of family life in full nurseries and school-rooms so frequent in her novels. *The Daisy Chain,* with its sequel *The Trial, The Pillars of the House,* and *Magnum Bonum* are the best instances; but almost every one of her modern stories—she was also a prolific writer of historical novels—gives a group of carefully differentiated portraits of growing boys and girls—witness *The Young Stepmother, Heartsease, The Clever Woman of the Family, Countess Kate, The Stokesley Secret,* and others too numerous to mention. *The Heir of Redclyffe* made her fame. Mid-Victorian sentimentality sobbed over its consumptive hero; its successor, *Heartsease,* drew tears from the emotional Charles Kingsley, and for long made Violet a leading favorite among feminine Christian names. But I venture to think that both these novels are more characteristic of their period than of their creator. Dickens had taught the public to wallow in emotion; Oliver Twist, Little Nell, and Tiny Tim, not to mention Paul Dombey and "What are the wild waves saying," all belong to the 'forties. Thackeray's robuster genius had not yet had time to produce its full effect, and the sterner and soberer fiction of George Eliot was still in the future. Miss Yonge was almost bound to give her readers consumptive heroes and pathetically forgiving wives until success gave her courage to follow her individual bent. Then she wrote *The Daisy Chain.* It begins indeed with a carriage accident causing the death of the mother and the hopeless disablement of the eldest daughter, but, having made this sacrifice

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to the prevailing taste, goes on in a wholesomer vein to describe the life of a healthy and singularly lively and enterprising family of boys and girls. Its real heroine is not poor pathetic, crippled Margaret, but Ethel, the clever, ugly duckling of the school-room, whose sterling worth makes her in the long run the mainstay of the family and the chosen companion of her father, Dr. May. As an excellent foil to her we have pretty, worldly Flora, with her head as full of balls and parties as Ethel's is of Latin grammar and helping her brothers, and so anxious to make a good match that she is ready to take up with an idiot because he happens to be a member of Parliament. It is characteristic of all Miss Yonge's clever women that their ideal is the helpmeet, and they are therefore always ready to subordinate their own gifts to those of their masculine relatives. Ethel only keeps up with Norman and teaches little Tom until household duties and the claims of her elder brother's parish assert themselves, when her Greek and Latin go cheerfully by the board. Rosamund in *The Three Brides* declares that any woman worth thinking of would rather help her husband to shine than shine herself, and Bessie Merrifield in *Beechcroft at Rockstone,* a sequel to *The Stokesley Secret,* readily abandons London and authorship to be the prop and comfort of her parents' declining years in the country. It is clear that Miss Yonge's views were formed before living your own life had become a popular creed, though she lived to see suburban Noras' slamming doors behind them, and an Ibsenite ideal of independence in the ascendant.

Indeed, she has put much of herself into Ethel May, the plain, spectacled, clever girl whom her brothers' school-boy friends call "the Doctor in petticoats." Ethel is not without her own little romance; there is a visit to Oxford to hear her brother recite his prize poem which might have been the first chapter of a love-story, had not a stern sense of family duty made her promptly turn the page. And later on, in *The Trial,* she becomes the object of a school-boy's devotion; but the real romance of her life is the building of a church for the neglected district of Cocksmoor, just as the romance of Miss Yonge's life was centered in missionary enterprise. Her profits from *The Heir of Redclyffe* went to build a schooner for the Melanesian mission, and *The Daisy Chain* provided a missionary college in New Zealand. In-

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deed, in all her work burns the flame of enthusiasm for the Church, which characterized Tractarian England. Felix, the hero of *The Pillars of the House,* lives to give back to the Church the lands which his forefathers had gained at the Reformation; Albinia in *The Young Stepmother* is mainly concerned to win her adopted family back to orthodoxy and the High Church tradition; and many other instances could be quoted.

But to dwell on this side of her work is to belittle Miss Yonge's position as a literary artist. It is not the message, which she conceived it her duty to give to her generation, that will preserve her memory in English literature; it is the intense reality of her characters. She lived with them as though they were her own familiar friends; they were the companions of years, and she was as intimate with their little peculiarities as any member of a large family could be with his or her brothers and sisters. Her favorites go on through several books, and each time they reappear have always grown to the right age and reached the right stage of development. It is the astonishing truth of her portraiture which deserves the attention of the literary critic; and it is a little surprising that whilst we are all acclaiming the successes of our later realists of the potteries and elsewhere, we neglect the quiet, detailed *genre* work of this little old-world, observant lady, whose novels, as Mr. Henry James once said of them, are as restful after some modern fiction as "stroking a cat after nursing a squirrel." But the creator of Daisy Miller and Isabel Archer and Miriam might well recognize a kindred spirit in the painter of the Mays and the Underwoods and the Merrifields and many another batch of English girls.

Taking her girls as a whole, we must confess that they have not the subtlety of Mr. James's own portraits, but then they are English, not American. That is to say, they belong to an old and settled civilization and have nothing cosmopolitan about them. A trip to France, Switzerland, or Italy in the company of their parents would be their wildest idea of Continental adventure; anything like Miss Daisy Miller's tragic little effort at independence would be utterly impossible. But just because they do of necessity move along the safe and ordered ways of a life in which nothing ever "happens," meaning nothing sensational or unconventional, makes it the more surprising that their

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histories should be so interesting, and only proves what can be done with the great facts of birth and love and death by a genuine artist. Still Miss Yonge does not despise more startling events and shows remarkable skill in handling them. The whole episode of the murder, and the wrongful condemnation of Leonard Ward in *The Trial* is admirably handled, and produces as vivid an impression as Mr. Galsworthy produced in his *Justice*. We shall go back to Miss Yonge, as the twentieth century progresses and a generation grows up to whom mid-Victorian England is as much a matter of history as the Regency is to us; but in the mean time fashion turned away from her somewhere in the 'eighties and acclaimed Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Probably no novelist now living had as immediate and striking a success as Mrs. Ward achieved with *Robert Elsmere*. Mr. Gladstone devoted an article to it in *The Nineteenth Century,* discussing solemnly its theory of miracles, and the doubts, which drove its hero from out the pale of orthodoxy. Mr. Andrew Lang in his own delightful way took up the parable in the *Contemporary Review*—"Well, if miracles don't happen, it's a miracle that they don't. As Joab said to Saul, '*C'est là le miracle.*'" All Oxford and half London spent their time spotting the originals of its characters, something of an injustice to the originality of their creator. Sermons were preached for and against, and the book soon became the Bible of all the more daring spirits of the suburbs who liked to feel that they were coquetting with the Higher Criticism. The author of the little-noticed *Miss Bretherton* had indeed waked to find herself famous. But we are here concerned less with Mrs. Ward, the high-priestess of culture, than with Mrs. Ward, the painter of the first of her delightful girl portraits, pretty, wilful, gifted Rose, sister to the sober Catherine, the much-enduring, orthodox, puzzled, and protesting wife of the doubting hero.

Rose represents a type to which Mrs. Ward seems as irresistibly drawn as Miss Yonge was to the delineation of large families, and perhaps for the same reason The serious Arnold tradition can hardly have left room for anything so gay and frivolous and light-hearted as the little violinist whom hesitating, philosophic Langham so far wrongs as to propose to tie down as his wife: yet it is just this very reverse of an Arnoldian figure which repeats itself again and again, with a difference, in Mrs. Ward's novels.

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We have her as Laura Fountain in *Helbeck of Bannisdale.* A historical version of her reappears in *The Marriage of William Ashe.* She is vulgarized as Letty Tressady, wife of Sir George of that name, and in both Mrs. Ward's last two novels she figures as Richard Meynell's ward, Hester, and as Lydia's rival, Felicia Melrose. It is the masculine element in Mrs. Ward, I think, mixed with the maternal which creates this charming variant of the English girl, pretty, wilful, impulsive, rebellious, just the type that a man wants to take into his arms and subdue by kisses, and that an older woman may deprecate, but in her heart of hearts cannot help spoiling. For it is an entire delusion, created and fostered by the conventionalities of the theater and the caricatures of the comic artists, that a woman is necessarily always jealous of this type. On the contrary, its kittenish grace appeals to her with the charm of all young life—witness George Eliot's sympathetic delineation of Hetty Sorrel.

Mrs. Ward's serious and deliberate self prefers a different sort of heroine, the girl conscious of a high purpose and beginning to take up an independent position toward her world. Marcella is the leading instance, the heroine of the novel so-called, and the guide, philosopher, and friend of Sir George Tressady in *Marcella's* sequel. But we have this independent type again as Julie in *Lady Rose's Daughter,* as little Puritan Lucy in *Eleanor,* as Mary Elsmere, the second edition of Catherine, in *The Case of Richard Meynell,* as the heroine of *Diana Mallory,* and lastly as the Lydia of whose "mating" Mrs. Ward has so much to say. But though Mrs. Ward may bend all her energies toward depicting this girl of the period, the other wilful fairy type will keep reasserting herself, and usurping an undue share of reality, just because she is a type as old as Eve, whilst the Marcellas of this later age date about the 'eighties.

Indeed, a study of Mrs. Ward's girl portraits is an unconscious education in disentangling the essential from the accidental in feminine psychology, and that on lines perhaps not altogether foreseen by their delineator. To begin with, it is amusing to observe how careful Mrs. Ward is to keep even her wilful type within strictly conventional limits. Even poor little Lady Caroline Lamb—we should say Kitty Ashe—is only allowed a much Bowdlerized version of her original's adventure with Lord Byron, and Hester, the next most daring of Mrs. Ward's impulsive sinners, has her pro-

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pensities explained by her sinister heritage. It would be impossible for any right-thinking English girl of "the upper classes" to emulate Hetty Sorrel. These things are "not done" in such circles, or, if done, are not delineated. Consequently, at the right moment the savior steps in, in the guise of husband or guardian, and all is for the best again in the best of all possible worlds. But it is instructive to see that Mrs. Ward has come to admit the possibilities, though she hastens to supply the necessary safeguards. As to the independent type, a generation which has grown used to Ann Veronica's cannot but smile a little at the very restricted independence which Mrs. Ward allows them. It was all very well in the days of Marcella, somewhere in the early 'nineties, to limit their aspirations to a little coquetting with Socialism and a subversive interest in the fortunes of poachers. But so much water has flowed under the bridges since then, everywhere except in the novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward. It is perhaps inevitable that it should be so. With every novelist, as the portrait gallery grows and lengthens, there is an obvious tendency to repeat effects, to draw more from memory than from the living model, with the result that that living model recedes further and further into the distance, and the discrepancy between the girl of Mrs. Ward's drawing and the girl of the period becomes sufficiently startling to attract attention.

It is not so much Mrs. Ward's fault as the fault of the woman movement. Women in the last fifteen years have progressed at so rapid a rate that younger observers than Mrs. Ward might be pardoned for falling behind. But just because Mrs. Ward has not succeeded in keeping abreast of the movement, just because the Lydia of 1913 is still the Marcella of 1893, she is forfeiting her claim to be called a realist, and, what is worse for her art, is being driven to pose her unreal, because out-of-date, figures against a somewhat conventional background. Probably she is herself not aware of it; she still sees England and English life, and the English girl at the center of it, as she saw them twenty years ago. But to a generation face to face with feminism as an active force to be reckoned with, Lydia's somewhat timid speculations as to the right relations between love and friendship, and her half-hearted determination to be free, will provoke a smile. They will recognize how right Mrs. Ward was to choose a remote, North-country back-

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ground for so *arrièrée* a heroine, and will even acquiesce in the very simple, if somewhat melodramatic formula upon which the story is constructed.

For what is that formula? Only the old one of the two young men contending for the lady's hand, Lord Tatham with every gift of fortune to help him, and Claude Faversham, the adventurer, needing Lydia's love to redeem him. In the background we have the wicked ogre in his castle, gloating over his countless treasures, the terror and the tyrant of the countryside. And incidentally we have the reappearance of the long-lost heiress and the will-motif, so familiar to all students of melodrama. In other words Mr. Melrose, a bad and cruel landlord, a misogynist whose wife ran away from him with their child twenty years before, a great collector of objects of art and rich beyond the dreams of avarice, makes Claude Faversham his agent and proposes to make him his heir, provided that he will do his bidding and in addition permit him to become the purchaser of some magnificent gems which Faversham happens to have inherited. Faversham for a time sells his soul in this way to the devil. Even when Melrose's wife and daughter reappear, and their cause is espoused not only by the whole countryside but by Lord Tatham and his mother, he does not waver. It is only when Lydia rejects him and his prospective fortune, though owning her love, that his determination is shaken. And when Melrose meets his end by an act of wild justice and is shot by the half-witted son of one of his victims, Faversham, heir in spite of himself, restores to Felicia Melrose her rightful heritage. Felicia thereupon, the child of nature and impulse, bestows her hand and her fortune upon Lord Tatham, whom Lydia had previously rejected, and we finish with the *partie carrée* so dear to old-fashioned playwrights.

Of course Mrs. Ward does not give us the story quite in this mechanical fashion; she is too good an artist for that. But what she does not see, and what we, who have had our eyes opened to the real trend of twentieth-century movements, cannot help seeing, is that she is looking backward, not forward, that her Lydia belongs to 1890, not 1910, and that consequently her values are wrong, and her periods have got unconsciously mixed up, and the result is melodrama, not life. If she had frankly put it all twenty years back and begun with that phrase so dear to old-fashioned novelists,

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"In the year 1890 a girl," etcetera, the result might have been different. Her true instinct for psychology would have had free play, and we should have had more scenes of such genuine feeling and simplicity as the love scene between Lydia and Tatham. There Mrs. Ward strikes the true note of an experience which can never be touched by time, the young, fresh love of youth for maiden in the very morning of life. For that scene, and for her pictures of the Cumbrian hills and dales, we can forgive her pages of melodrama. But when all is said that can be said in favor of *The Mating of Lydia,* it remains true that a talent, which blossomed as early as Mrs. Ward's and received so full a recognition, is apt to let itself crystallize. She remains a nineteenth-century novelist, and during this first decade of the twentieth century the art of fiction has made notable progress. We may, or may not, like the pictures of life presented to us by our later realists; we cannot ignore them. Mr. Wells is a novelist who arouses much controversy; but since he wrote *Tono-Bungay,* somehow any analysis of life which is less searching has a trick of looking old-fashioned. An old fashion is not necessarily a bad fashion; but once the springs of the human heart have been laid bare and the secrets of the intellectual movements of our time have been disclosed, there can be no more playing on the surface. And it is just because Mrs. Ward does keep to the surface, because, like most of the Victorians, she is afraid of all the passions which stir humanity, except just that "maiden passion for a maid" of Tennysonian memory, that she can give us readable stories, but cannot give us great novels.

For the English girl of the twentieth century, therefore, we must look elsewhere. Perhaps her delineator has yet to be born. He is not Mr. H. G. Wells; I refuse to regard Ann Veronica, or even the Isabel of *The New Machiavelli,* as true to type. Indeed, I believe that this delineator must be born a woman, if she is to take her proper place in the succession—Miss Yonge for the mid-Victorians, Mrs. Ward for the later Victorians, and some novelist still in the making for the Edwardians and the neo-Georgians. And I can wish this novelist no better gift from the fairy godmother of fiction than a knowledge of girlhood as intimate as Miss Yonge had through life and Mrs. Ward had through most of it, and as patient and faithful a method of observation and record as belonged to them both. MRS. W. L. COURTNEY.

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JOHN EGLINTON

BY ERNEST A. BOYD

THE following letter from the distinguished English scholar, the late Professor Dowden, to the writer of this essay, was written just before his death, in fact, the last letter he wrote.—THE EDITOR.

"DUBLIN, *March 28, 1913.*

"DEAR MR. BOYD,—I have read your article on 'John Eglinton' with much interest. I have always regarded John Eglinton as a writer of exceptional originality, and as one whose thoughts are of great value not to Ireland only, but to readers everywhere who care for things of the mind. To make him more widely known is to do good service to what is spiritual in modern life, and just now, when there is a movement (of which the influence of Eucken and Bergson is an indication) toward what one may call a more idealistic way of looking at things, his time may have arrived. When R. le Gallienne gave him enthusiastic praise, the time was less favorable. Your article is saturated with John Eglinton's thought, and sets it forth with great fidelity. Perhaps in America your "Irish Emerson" would be welcomed, partly because of the interest there in the Irish literary movement, and partly because there is in the American intellect a sympathy with such older writers as Emerson and Thoreau. I don't know that 'J. E.' is not as much a 'spiritual Thoreau' as an 'Irish Emerson.'

"Very truly yours,

"E. DOWDEN."

Mr. John Eglinton is probably the least known of the group of writers associated with the Irish literary revival. Younger men, in reality his successors, have achieved a certain degree of fame or popularity, while he remains a figure apart, known only to the few who appreciate the charm of his beautiful prose. He is "a sort of lonely thorn-tree," as George Moore described him in *Ave,* but "the thorn breaks into flower" and then we get, sometimes the luxuriance of *Two Essays on the Remnant,* sometimes the less riotous bloom of *Pebbles from a Brook.* These two volumes together with *Bards and Saints,* constitute Mr. Eglinton's

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slender contribution to permanent literature. For the rest, his work is scattered throughout the pages of various reviews and esoteric magazines, from whence it has not yet been rescued, although vain attempts have been made to persuade the author to do so. In the last two volumes, as also in *Literary Ideals in Ireland,* some of these essays have been saved from the dusty oblivion of the files of periodical literature, those mines of hidden wealth, the joy of the literary explorer and the despair of librarians. It is not surprising, therefore, that he has escaped the attention of the majority of critics, who have identified Anglo-Irish literature with the work of its poets and dramatists. Although he has written some verse, Mr. Eglinton has never come forward as a dramatist, and his claim to consideration must be based solely upon his distinction as an essayist.

It is not only in his failure to attain popularity that Mr. Eglinton is an isolated figure in contemporary literature. A certain ironical detachment and skepticism indicate a mentality not usually associated with the writers of the Irish literary movement. The illusory, shadowy world to which Mr. Yeats has accustomed his readers, and the flamboyant rhetorical energy of Synge's peasantry find no counterpart in the writings of John Eglinton. Those who have identified the two phases of the Irish mind with the "Celtic Twilight" of the Yeats school, and the verbal magnificence of Synge's drama, will find in him a very different aspect of the Irish mind. It is popularly supposed that Mr. Eglinton is a mystic, but the term has only been applied to him in public as one of abuse, by unfriendly critics, of whom he has many. His mysticism does not express itself in terms of pantheistic rapture as in the works of "AE," whose name is most intimately associated with the cult of the inner life in Ireland. Like the poet, he has felt the touch of the "earth-breath" upon him, but the voice of Nature called to him rather as to Wordsworth, inviting him to flee from "the dull banausic murmur" of city life. In the green trees and the open country, Mr. Eglinton sees as it were a protest against the ugliness of civilization which has forced us to "coagulate into cities." He rejoices to see our cities submit to "the green invasion of the passive trees" representing the return of all that we have suppressed from our lives. He does not seek solitude like "AE," that he may be in communion with the Divine Spirit

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of the Universe, but rather as a step in the direction of the mystical wilderness whither he has called upon the idealists to follow him. That, indeed, was the message by which he first revealed himself some twenty years ago in *Two Essays on the Remnant*.

It is hardly possible to analyze this wonderful little book with its enigmatic title suggestive of Hebrew prophecy. It is an appeal to what Isaiah called "the remnant that are left," the band of artists and thinkers who have not been assimilated by modern civilization. They must, as the Chosen People, betake themselves once again to the wilderness and withdraw from a life in which they can take no part, and which is in fact hostile to them. In the presence within the state of the unemployed idealist Mr. Eglinton sees the cause of all social upheavals and discontents. "Once a man is glamoured with the thought of the wilderness he becomes indifferent." "He is no longer a good citizen, and he infects with his indifference those who should be so." If the Chosen People had only retired from a system of things in which they have no concern "there would have been no oppression in store for them and no uneasy dreams for the Pharaoh of civilization. The French Revolution was only the first of the great plagues." Civilization seems to have no work for the "lapsed masses" of idealism. "We declare," cries Mr. Eglinton, "that civilization is advancing, in so far as it is doing so, with a velocity acquired before it had begun to discard the services of such persons as ourselves," and he warns us of the danger to the community of these supernumerary citizens. Some of them can subsist for a time "on the fag ends of wages and patrimonies" and have much time for "sharpening their wits in reflection and reading," and they are not all so harmless as Mr. Eglinton, who, if "armed not with bombs but with generalizations," explains that it is only because he can handle these "with less risk to himself because he has more confidence in them."

Few of the generalizations are sounder than that upon which he bases his criticism of modern social conditions. "The test of the state of civilization is therefore quite simple—whether in assisting it the individual is astride of his proper instincts." But Mr. Eglinton holds that, instead of being superior to each of its units the state is "centuries behindhand." Nowadays development is in-

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dividual, hence the formation of a remnant which must go apart and dwell in the wilderness and "live the great life beneath the sun and moon." Removed from progress, to which they no longer contribute, leaving their ideas to fructify in the soil they have fertilized, the idealists will derive a new inspiration and prepare themselves for future sowings. If they remain they are obliged to profane their minds and to submit to slavery, which Mr. Eglinton admirably defines as the condition in which "the mind consents to labor for the body." As the Chosen People of old made bricks, so the bondage of their successors is bookmaking, a task for which they are peculiarly fitted. "The pen indeed seems to grow to the hand of an idealist, to carry his slender finger like an Arab horseman over the silent plains of foolscap." In their capacity as "thought-artisans" employment has been found for the remnant, though they remain, as they started, "a class subservient to alien interests." Their function is reduced to "ministering intellectual interests in all kinds of ingenious ways to an unbelieving public," they have been betrayed by their very "dexterity" in the manipulation of ideas.

In Goethe, Mr. Eglinton sees the Joseph who has, by reason of his prosperity, become the cause of the captivity of his brethren. It was Goethe who discovered "the vast capacities of art as an absorbent medium," when the atmosphere of Europe was "unduly charged with ideas and threatened to enter the life of each man with disastrous consequences to society." Nevertheless, Mr. Eglinton recognizes Goethe as one of the glories of idealism, whatever disservice his prosperity may have rendered those who followed him. He describes a pilgrimage to the little room at Weimar whither came "the restless and swarming ideas which had lately seemed to cloud all the plains of Europe under their wings, and minister ecliptic darkness to the performance of evil deeds." With Schiller as *Zauberlehrling*, Weimar became the "chief emporium of ideas in Europe," in which Goethe carried on a brisk business, discharging his surplus "in the form of epigrams" on those less fortunate. This procedure is likened by the essayist to that of young men who "fling hot pennies to the rabble." On the death of Goethe it seemed as if the idealists were to come into their own and that "the consummation of the promised land would not exclude the flesh-

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pots of Egypt." Soon, however, civilization turned its attention to its own concerns, leaving the idealists "where the flood tide had raised them." The choice before the idealist is therefore to perpetuate the onward impulse in his life, or to resign himself to " ministering with an ever-dwindling imaginative reason to the requirements of civilization." Such is the fate in store for the remnant; for they have no Moses to lead them forth into the wilderness. They have not harkened to the voices—Rousseau, Whitman, Tolstoy—calling upon them to abandon " the doomed hulk of modern civilization." Mr. Eglinton concludes:

" Civilization has been too much for them—circumstances over which they had no control. The gods, at least, have not loved them. And at length, some dry-eyed poet, glancing sidelong and half in fear at the watching heavens, once so blue and fortunate to his early vision, pens a last blasphemy of them, and leaving his tablets behind him and covering his eyes, hurries down into the way of death."

There is a beautiful description of Wordsworth, " the tall North-country youth " walking up and down in London, trying " to catch on as a citizen." Wordsworth, whom he regards as the "first and greatest of the unemployed," is Mr. Eglinton's constant companion. His name which was " a far-fluttering unattainable carol " to the author in the beginning has since seldom been absent from his thoughts. He pictures the poet as he walks in Cheapside and hears the song of a thrush. It is the time of the "ruddy sunsets of the French Revolution " when men were suspicious of foreigners, yet they do not see in Wordsworth what Mr. Eglinton had perceived, when he cried:

" Seize him, ye Londoners! It is a treachery! He is no Gallic emissary, but worse! He is in league with the green hosts of trees, whose barbaric siege ye have put back so long from year to year, and of the countless horde of grass that springs in the breaches of ruins and in the interstices of depopulate pavements! "

Like Socrates, Wordsworth may be accused of corrupting the youths by " indisposing them for civic action." The temptation to quote is great, but this final picture of the Chosen People at work must suffice:

" Civilized man is once more a savage, but he is not as if civilization had never been. He is no longer what he was when the failure within him of his ruder instincts left him social and stationary. He has now left his barbaric ennui behind him, and with a full heart turns once more to nature, his home and his mother. . . . He is as one who

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goes forth into the morning woods, in whose brain yet flaunt the pomps and processions of his dreams."

Mr. Eglinton has been described by some as "an Irish Emerson," and in *Pebbles from a Brook* he has substantiated this claim on his behalf. Such subjects as "Knowledge," "Apostolic Succession," or "The Three Qualities in Poetry" immediately suggest the great American essayist. Like Emerson, whom he has evidently thoroughly absorbed, Mr. Eglinton is a transcendentalist. "It is religion," he writes, "which has made the daring attempt to give a meaning to life," but we have broken with past beliefs, without having found a substitute. We have pinned our faith to science, but scientists admit "that something is wanting in the Universe to answer to the moral element in experience." So long as we direct our lives from without inward, rather than from within outward, Mr. Eglinton sees little hope of our supplying this deficiency. Mankind has become enamoured of the mere acquisition of knowledge, "big brains have been in requisition rather than great natures," but in the plethora of facts the meaning of life has become obscured. "The age of omniscience is the age of agnosticism." We must turn to ourselves, to our own experiences, which embody facts outside the range of scientific speculation. "We ourselves are the center from which radiate all the paths of speculation," let us therefore be less concerned with the discoveries of science. "It is the function of philosophy to launch a generalization into human consciousness," there the cold truths of the laboratory may become forces, provided they enlist human sympathy. What we need is that transcendental certainty which resides in the inmost being of man, and which the poet and thinker alone can give us. "The serried ranks of science and common sense" have failed in this task, for they have sought without what is only forthcoming from within. Science, however is suspicious of visionaries "as being thaumaturgist in tendency" and he must be "a clever thaumaturgus who will do anything with the eyes of the evolutionary philosophers upon him." Evolution does not take account of the exceptional, but of the normal. "It knows only of householders and shareholders who ride the central flood of evolutionary tendency, blown along by the soft gales of natural selection." Sometimes, however, nature

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sends men into the world to test the value of society, not in the light of acquired knowledge, but by the touchstone of feeling and intuition. The voices of our poets and idealists recall us to a sense of our own worth, "we realize that man himself is the test of all things and are conscious of the reality of the inward life." But we are inclined to view art and religion as objective values without any relation to what is essential in us. Hence the effort of literature to become divorced from life and to aspire to live for art's sake, a proceeding which Mr. Eglinton likens to "the declaration of a beauty past her prime that she will have nothing more to do with men."

In "Heroic Literature" Mr. Eglinton confesses the difficulties which await the poet who once more attempts to find his theme in man. He regards as signs of the absence of poetic inspiration in modern life, the revival of the heroic literature of Ireland, and the experiments of Morris with the Norse and Teutonic legends. With regret he recalls the heroic period when we carried latent within ourselves all the arts, sciences, and inventions, all the joys and virtues which have since proceeded from us, taking shape outside ourselves. Then man, "a great somber fellow, shouting his pedigree at you, when he spoke to you, knew all that he owned and clearly marked the frontiers outside which he owed homage to the visible powers." His deeds were great and he was a fitting subject for heroic song. But what is the figure which now offers itself to the eyes of the modern poet? Not Finn, nor Ajax, nor Cuchulain, but Livingstone, Gordon, or Burton, who suggest "a pathological rather than a poetic treatment on the side of their intercourse with the gods." Mr. Eglinton sorrowfully traces this process of decay in man until

> "At last he rolls bankrupt on the ground, a shell, his power gone from him, civilization like a robe whirled down the stream out of his reach in eddies of London and Paris, the truth no longer the ichor of his being, but a cloudy evaporated mass of problems above his head....that is he, *homo sapiens,* poor, naked, neurotic, undeceived ribless wretch, make what you can of him, ye bards!"

It is to Wordsworth that Mr. Eglinton would have the poet turn his steps. In the *Lyrical Ballads* he sees what we may get from the man who sings his own joys and experiences, casting the poetic light upon the "turbid and dull

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world of civic action." If it has happened to poetry, as to philosophy and religion, that they must be sought in the individual, why should he despair? "It is from the poet's soul that the poetic light is cast upon the world and not from the world upon the poet's soul"; the changed conditions are an advantage, for they throw the poet back upon himself, to the great world of his own imagination. The warrior is no longer the hero of an age which demands the realization of the ideal. "The poem that is to justify the modern world must, in the first place, be a man." It must be a song of victory, of the virtue of man, which will restore to him a sense of his own identity and his own greatness.

Politics, so long the sole manifestation of vitality in Ireland, is the touchstone with which every Irishman is tested. Mr. Eglinton has had to answer the inevitable challenge and to declare his political views, which are summed up in the Essay on "Regenerate Patriotism." In a country which refuses to recognize all finer shades of opinion and where political labels are distributed on the most elementary principle, Mr. Eglinton is an anomaly. His attitude is highly disconcerting, inasmuch as it interferes with the popular system of classification. There seems to be a tacit understanding that all criticism of national aspirations must come from the side of the enemy, for whom a reply is usually ready. But when the critic cannot be stigmatized as hostile to national ideals, the problem of silencing him becomes more difficult. The stereotyped reproaches are ineffective and consternation reigns until some one remembers a well-known device, and the offender is reviled as a wretch who dares to "calumny" his native land. Mr. Eglinton's failure to reach a becomingly lyrical note in his expression of nationality and patriotism has secured for him the unqualified hostility of vociferous patriots. As he says, "popular patriotism submits with no better grace than popular religion to the criticism of philosophy." Undismayed, however, he has submitted the idea of patriotism to an analysis by no means usual in Ireland, where sentiment reaches a religious fervor and holds undisputed sway. In his attitude towards "unregenerate patriotism" Mr. Eglinton reveals himself as still holding the view of the individual in society which he put forward in *Two Essays on the Remnant*. As civilization seemed to

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him to have no use for the "lapsed masses of idealism," so, too, he argues, patriotism suffers as culture and civilization develop. Culture gives men resources within themselves, civilization diminishes "the external factors of patriotism," as wars become fewer and states grow so unwieldy that the individual can no longer be identified with them. The nation is no longer an organic whole in which each has his work and "all inequalities are compensated in the unifying sense of nationality." A man can no longer say "this is my own, my native land," for "it has come to belong to a small number of the sons and daughters of privilege." As for historical memories, a country's past is not necessarily more creditable than the past of any individual, while "all the battles that were ever fought and resulted in victory to the rights of man, were fought on the same side." Mr. Eglinton concludes:

"Patriotism, in fact, in the old sense, is only possible when the whole life interest of the individual is comprised within that of the patria. When individuality is hatched and has become independent of the community, the relation of the individual to it must suffer a change. Instead of a receiver he becomes a giver."

The regenerate patriotism which Mr. Eglinton would substitute, is based upon the relation of a man with his fellowmen and with nature, rather than upon his relation to the state. This is the theme of the poetry which the essayist admires, the poetry of Wordsworth, in whom "that love of country is once again blended, as traditional patriotism traditionally is, with religion." Here the veil which separates us from nature is torn aside, we see her beauty, holiness, and wisdom, she is no longer Maya or illusion, but "an extension of ourselves, our guide, support, and teacher." Our native land is but a part of nature, and as such we should love it. How remote is this ideal from the actual conditions of patriotism in Ireland, which Mr. Eglinton describes as "querulously claiming our errant affections!" The poet must obey the law of individual freedom if he is to attain unto himself, for to him, if he be true to his nature, is intrusted the soul of the nation. His country may protest, but it will ultimately recognize that such as he can alone confer true glory upon the patria. In conclusion, he apostrophizes his country in a passage for which the unregenerate patriots have never forgiven him:

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"No, no! my patria! I will persist in seeing thee a virgin mother made of the nearest thing to God that we know, the magnetic and teeming soil, and will still behold thee beautiful and unprofaned, no palsied beldam with whiskey on thy breath and a crucifix in thy hand—two things I have never loved."

To Gaelic chauvinists Mr. Eglinton's literary criticism is no less suspect than his patriotism. His attitude towards and his judgments in Irish literature have usually been unfavorable to popular illusion. The essays which have been reprinted in *Literary Ideals in Ireland* represent Mr. Eglinton's part in the controversy which was carried on in the Dublin *Daily Express* when Standish O'Grady, "AE," W. B. Yeats, and others were preparing the way for the Irish Dramatic Movement. Mr. Eglinton argued that while Irish legends lent themselves to poetic or dramatic treatment no less than those of ancient Greece, it was doubtful if anything greater than belles-lettres could come from a determined preoccupation with them. National literature he defined as "the outcome and expression of a strong interest in life itself," whereas "belles-lettres seek a subject outside experience." If our poets look away from themselves and their age, if they see in the past merely an escape from the present, their art is not the expression of the life around them and cannot therefore be either representative or national. The poetry which has been most a fact of life in England is the Wordsworthian, so Mr. Eglinton warns Mr. Yeats of the danger of the latter's contempt of popular poetry. Art for the sake of art may achieve "the occult triumphs of the symbolist school," but in time "humanity will return its indifference in kind, and leave it to the dignity and consolation of unpopularity." Mr. Eglinton criticizes the attitude common to both poets and politicians, who imagine that, because Ireland is the scene of a heroic past, Irishmen thereby become endowed with special virtues. He urges us to prove our worth and to feel that "we have as good a right to exist on this soil and on our own merits as Finn or Cuchulain."

Nobody desires more ardently than John Eglinton to see Ireland possessed of a national literature, but his definition of the term places him in opposition to the means popularly employed to achieve that end. In *Bards and Saints* will be found the essence of his criticism of the Gaelic revival, particularly in the Essay on "The De-

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Davisization of Irish Literature." In Davis he sees the root of all the confusion which lies at the bottom of the Irish Language Movement.

> "What the Irish Nationalist, as instructed by Davis, means by 'National literature' is not the interpretation of the soul of a people, still less the emancipation of the national mind by means of individual utterance, but . . . the expression of such sentiments as help to exalt an Irishman's notion of the excellence and importance of the race to which he belongs."

Such is the keynote of all that Mr. Eglinton has written of recent years upon the question of Irish literature. He has pointed out the fatal effect upon the intellectual life of Ireland of banishing from literature those fundamental ideas of religion and morality whose discussion has everywhere led to some broad agreement as a basis of national existence. In *Dana,* the review of which he was editor, Mr. Eglinton once welcomed the recrudescence of religious bigotry as "one of the most genuine signs of the new awakening in Irish life." The fact that Irishmen sedulously avoid religious and other topics upon which they have "agreed to differ," simply means that in certain respects Ireland is just emerging from the seventeenth century. We make a mistake in recommending tolerance prematurely, as was suggested once in *Dana,* instead of insisting upon an understanding at whatever cost, as was the case in all the countries where national literature is not wholly divorced from the main problems of life. Political independence, the revival of the Irish language, what can they be but the hollow forms of nationality, when all the vital factors in national life are banished from literature and conversation? Ireland has never made up her mind definitely upon the religious question. Her Catholicism is peculiarly Protestant in spirit, and, as Mr. Eglinton suggests, may possibly be the unnaturally developed offspring of what at one time bid fair to be the Celtic, as distinct from the Greek and Roman, Church. The Irish language itself is the utterance of youthful paganism, and is by no means the expression of the piety with which some would associate it. In view of the intellectual paralysis which this avoidance of essentials has engendered in Irish life, it is not surprising that Mr. Eglinton should be a consistent critic of all the forces which make for the continuation of this state of affairs. This morbid anxiety on the subject of patriotism, this con-

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stant preoccupation with a heroic past, cannot give birth to a genuinely national literature, which will reflect the mind and soul of a people. "It is by a thought movement, rather than by a language movement, that Ireland will have to show that it holds the germs of true nationality."

Detachment is the dominant note of Mr. John Eglinton's philosophy. He moves serenely in the din of party cries, uttering a word of quiet criticism or exhortation, to the discomfiture of the factions, whose mechanical vociferations pass for manifestations of Irish political life. He writes but rarely, and each of his essays is a perfect gem of scintillating thought whose flashes illuminate some obscure corner of popular belief. At one time we find him fighting on behalf of the Anglo-Irishman and his literature, at others he is engaged in a damaging original criticism of the Irish language. As might be expected, the author of *Two Essays on the Remnant* does not accuse the Gael of being "impractical." All the more effective, therefore, is his contention that Irish "retains a rude flavor as of a language which has never properly been to school." It is not, however, only the popular idols of language and patriotism which Mr. Eglinton regards with the eye of critical skepticism. In the short-lived *Shanachie* he treated St. Patrick in a spirit which indicated complete freedom from the associations that have rendered this subject peculiarly sacrosanct. Speaking of our inability to portray saints and our tendency to make heroes of malefactors, he indulges in some characteristic *boutades* at Milton's expense. Thanks to the author of "Paradise Lost," having learned to know Satan, we rather like him, and we feel that when he fell, "all that was the least interesting in heaven fell with him." Finally Mr. Eglinton warns us that "we must cease to treat celestial matters until we can state Jehovah's case with more sympathetic insight." It will be seen that the intellectual tradition to which his countrymen Oscar Wilde and George Bernard Shaw belong can also claim a representative in John Eglinton. It is not, however, that he is prone to paradox. George Moore probably summed him up when he said that he was a doubter, "he doubts even of his own beautiful prose."

Skepticism is at the root of Mr. Eglinton's criticism of art and life. The *Two Essays* are the exasperated outburst of a young idealist at the first contact of disillusion-

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ment. Since then he has lost many of the enthusiasms which still inspire his contemporaries. *Pebbles from a Brook* contains the same fundamental ideas as that early plea on behalf of the "unemployed idealist," but there is more restraint, and that restraint is reflected in the style. The essays in *Dana* and the little volume *Bards and Saints* everywhere reveal the same attitude of inquiry towards the aim and value of progress as understood in modern civilization. Mr. Eglinton is ever in search of a "new spiritual initiative." He turns from "the continual tabulation of facts," which is science but not knowledge, to the poet who alone can give us trouble and wisdom. He sees that the men who have most profoundly affected human thought have been the Rousseaus, Wordsworths, Thoreaus, and Tolstoys, those who have preached a gospel resolutely opposed to that which governs modern "progress." In this direction, therefore, he conceives our hopes of development to lie. In a recent essay in the *Irish Review,* Mr. Eglinton returns to his first profession of faith in the "Chosen People," "the intellectuals," as he now calls them. "It is amongst these," he writes, "that a new idea might conceivably arise which might even lead ultimately to a new form of civilization." It is easy to understand his dissatisfaction with what is the only approach to a stirring of the national soul in Ireland. But political and linguistic independence cannot give Ireland that real personality which comes from the existence of an inner life. The work of "AE" and his disciples has made this fact a point of departure, and it was, no doubt, with that in mind that Mr. Eglinton penned the phrase quoted above. Here he sees an effort towards effecting a thought revival in which the outworn shibboleths of intellectual stagnation will be cast into the melting-pot, whence will emerge a new and living creed. This creed must not harden into dogma, it must be flexible, the ever-changing expression of the human soul. As Mr. Eglinton once expressed it, "to embrace a dogma is the acknowledgment of intellectual failure." It is the dogmatism of Irish life which is responsible for his own skepticism. It has forced into a negative, purely critical, position one who might have been a great transcendental teacher. As it is, he remains one of the most beautiful prose-writers in modern English.

ERNEST A. BOYD.

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WHY GOLDWIN SMITH CAME TO AMERICA

BY ARNOLD HAULTAIN

I do not think it is presumptuous to say that this is the first full and trustworthy attempt to explain the reasons of Goldwin Smith's expatriation; because for eighteen years I was at his elbow helping him in all he undertook, and to me he opened his heart—if ever he opened his heart—more perhaps than to any one else. Since his death in June, 1910, also, I have had the opportunity of reading countless letters written by him, as well as of receiving letters about him from friends and relatives.

And the question why so eminent a man, in the prime of life, and with large and varied fields of ambition before him—an ex-Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, an acknowledged expert in the subject of Education, a man who had sat on two important Commissions, who had virtually single-handed transformed the University of Oxford, the friend of Cobden and Bright and Mill, and one of the leaders of a great section of the Liberal Party in England—why such a man should suddenly forsake England and spend more than forty years expatriated in America, . . . this is a question that has puzzled Goldwin Smith's most intimate friends.

Perhaps the fullest and most elaborate explanation ever given by himself of his own self-enforced exile was contained in an "interview" supplied to the Toronto daily *Mail and Empire* in the spring of 1899. In the beginning of February (or the end of January) of that year, there had appeared in the little daily journal called *The World*, published at Toronto, in Canada, the following paragraph:

"Criticism of Goldwin Smith

"The 'Saturday Review' gives a dig at the professor who lives at 'The Grange.'

"London, *Saturday Review:* Lord Beaconsfield described Mr. Goldwin Smith in *Lothair* as 'the Professor who was not satisfied with his

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home career, and like many men of his order of mind, had dreams of wild vanity, which the New World, they think, can alone realize.' Well, Mr. Goldwin Smith has certainly not realized his dream of uniting Canada with the United States; and now he writes from Toronto to tell us that the party system has been weighed and found wanting, and must inevitably disappear. For a professor of history this is a very superficial judgment, and discovers an entire forgetfulness of the eighteenth century."

This aroused Goldwin Smith's keenest resentment. He debated long with himself and with me what steps he should take to answer it—whether he should write to the *Saturday*, whether he should write to the *Times* (his letter in which on the Liberal Leadership was the peg upon which the *Saturday* hung its remarks),[1] or what he should do. I suggested stating his case in his Reminiscences and passing it over at present in silence. But evidently it cut him to the quick, and he was bound to express himself at once. At last he made up his mind to use the Toronto *Mail* as his channel. He drove down to the office, saw one of the editors, and obtained permission to insert a paragraph in the form of an interview. After all sorts of corrections and re-corrections, this was what appeared:

"Mr. Goldwin Smith's notice was yesterday called to a paragraph in a contemporary alluding to an offensive account given by a London journal of his motives for settling on this side of the water; and he was asked, as other injurious accounts of the same matter had appeared before, whether he would object to giving the true account. His answer was:

"'My settling on this side of the water has before been ascribed to discreditable motives. The real account is simply this: I held the Professorship of Modern History at Oxford, the chair held before by Arnold, and since by Freeman and Stubbs, which was the summit of my limited ambition. I resigned it because family reasons obliged me to leave Oxford, requiring my presence at home. On my father's death, having independent means and no profession, I was rather at a loss for an object in life. I was offered a nomination to Parliament, and for a sure seat; but I knew that I had neither strength for the work nor any gifts that way. I had visited America, and had formed the interest in American history and politics which has since led to my writing a little history of the United States.[2] My thoughts were turned that way when I fell in with Andrew D. White, now American Ambassador at Berlin, then President of the Cornell University, which was being founded

[1] "The Liberal Leadership." The London *Times*, January 17, 1899.

[2] *The United States, An Outline of Political History, 1492-1871.* By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. London and New York: Macmillan and Co., 1893.

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under his own and other very noble auspices, for the special benefit of poor students. White invited me to take part as a historical lecturer in the enterprise. I consented, feeling that I should thus combine an object of practical interest with the fullest facilities for my American studies. Two very happy and, I hope, not unfruitful years I spent at Cornell, with which I maintain a more than friendly connection. Then I took up my abode with members of my family who had settled before me here,[1] and presently I married and became permanently resident in Canada. I may say that while living here I have received offers, both political and academical, from the Old Country, which showed that I had still most kindly relations both with political and academical friends. This disposes of another set of reports. Since I have settled in Toronto I have allowed a series of these fictions to pass with the disdain due to those who cannot discuss public questions without assailing private character and feelings. I do not even know whether I ought to say what I am saying to you now. But I hope it will be taken less as an answer to my enemies than as a tribute to the opinion of my friends.'"

That is the Professor's own account of his resignation of the Regius Professorship of History at Oxford. What took him to Cornell he has explained. What took him to Canada and kept him there, he told me quite simply, was that he had relatives there, that he married there, and that his wife and her friends kept him there.

But his own ostensible reasons for settling in America he had given long before this. His first public explanation was probably in the New York *Tribune* in 1868, when he said:

"I am going to devote myself to the study, and if after due study I feel equal to the task, to the composition of American history. With this view I shall probably take up my abode in the United States in the course of the summer."[2]

And yet in spite of these explanations, why Goldwin Smith left England and buried himself in the Western hemisphere nobody really knows. Nor did he divulge his secret to anybody.

With great self-abnegation, he resigned the Regius Professorship of Modern History at his own University in order to be with his afflicted father. This he himself told me.[3] He also told it to his friend Charles Eliot Norton in a

[1] That is, in Canada.

[2] Quoted in the London *Times*, February 11, 1868.

[3] Since writing this, I have found out that Goldwin Smith had entertained thoughts of resigning his professorship some years before his father's unfortunate illness. Writing in September, 1865, to his Oxford

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letter dated February 23d, 1867, which I am permitted to use. He writes thus:

"MORTIMER, READING, *Feb. 23, 1867.*

"MY DEAR NORTON,—

"I write this in a sad house. My father's malady, as was feared from the beginning, has affected his brain and he is now in a state of intermittent insanity at once most disturbing to the patient and most trying and embarrassing to his relations. I have taken up my abode here to see what can be done.

. . . "I am struck by the very narrow limits within which the science of Medicine is still confined. The disease is certainly physical, though it has at last affected the mind, and, one should say, of a very marked character. Yet the physicians are utterly unable to give any account of it. They have seen similar, or nearly similar, cases, and that is all they can say. Their remedies are applied in the dark, and, as I believe, have done mischief.

"Of course, this state of things at home suspends all hopes of coming to America. But you may be sure that, as soon as domestic duty permits, my thought will be turned again in that direction. Among you I passed the happiest months of my life."

Indeed, Goldwin Smith often told me himself that his father needed supervision and control, and that he, the only surviving son, was the only person who had influence over him. In his *Reminiscences* also he relates that, after his father's unfortunate death, being without occupation, and yet having independent means; being also, as he hints, distraught with all that he had gone through, by a happy chance he was asked by Andrew White to accept a chair at Cornell. He accepted.

But the acceptance was doubtless reinforced by other motives.

Lady St. Helier, an intimate friend, in her *Memories,* published in 1909, discusses Goldwin Smith's expatriation. "He left England," she writes, "because he found it unsympathetic, and it did not meet his particular views of life. . . . He still entertains his stern Republicanism and his objection to monarchical and hereditary institutions."[1]

Very early in his career did this antipathy between himself and his own country, and a sympathy between himself

friend George Waring, he says: "My constitution, which was always weak, has shown decided symptoms of giving way of late; and as I wish, if possible, to complete some literary work while I have strength left for it, I shall probably give up my professorship next summer."

[1] *Memories of Fifty Years.* By Lady St. Helier (Mary Jeune). Pages 289, 290.

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and his afterward adopted country, reveal themselves. Even before he had seen the New World, he wrote to his friend Charles Eliot Norton in America thus—the letter, I think, is worth giving in full:

"OXFORD, *May 24th, 1864.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—

"Accept my best thanks for your letter, which has given me, I assure you, very great pleasure.

"I rejoice to hear from you that my pamphlet[1] is likely to do good in America. The appreciation of American institutions which you observe in it arises perhaps from my being 'an American citizen,' in sympathy, more decidedly than you suppose. I am as far as possible from desiring to see any violent revolution in this country. But, for my own part, I have fairly thought my way out of social and political Feudalism, and out of the State Church which is its religious complement; and my intellect and heart are entirely with those who are endeavoring to found a great community on the sounder as well as happier basis of social justice and free religious convictions. In my sentiments, at least in the definiteness of my sentiments, on these subjects I probably stand nearly alone among people of my own class. So that my writings, I fear, have little value as an index of English opinion. Most likely I shall be more in my element, in some respects, at Boston than I am at Oxford.

"However, as I said before, you have the mass of the intelligent working-classes here upon your side; and if an attempt were made to use the power of England against you, they would I have no doubt do all that, without the franchise and without powerful leaders, they could do for a cause which they now clearly see to be their own.

"The religion of the country is also mainly on your side; though the clergy of the Establishment are of course by position hostile to a community which is the great representative of the Voluntary system.

"As to the upper classes, who are mainly against you, they are at this moment full of wealth, which is little shared by the mass of the people, and destitute of faith, owing to the disintegration of dogmatic systems and the pestilential decay of the State Church. These causes do not fail to produce their natural effects,—sensualism and political cowardice, the latter aggravated by a latent feeling that the arrangements of society among us are not just, and that whatever public men may say in after-dinner speeches of the loyalty of the people, the indigent and unenfranchised masses regard the constitution with apathy, and the more active-minded of them with sullen disaffection. The ruling spirit of the hour is embodied in Palmerston,[2] a sensualist, a religious and political infidel, the fit minister of a selfish and cynical reaction. The prevalence of all that is worst among us from skepticism to prize-fighting marks the mood which has given birth to this burst of malignant exaltation over the misfortunes of the American Republic. Perhaps the most repulsive feature of the whole is the alliance which has been formed

[1] Either *Does the Bible Sanction American Slavery* (Oxford: Parker, 1863), or *A Letter to a Whig Member of the Southern Independence Association* (London: Macmillan, 1864); probably the latter.

[2] Who was at this time at the head of the Government.

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between infidelity personified in Palmerston and the worst spirit of fanaticism personified in the Puseyites and the party of the 'Record' for the joint purposes of political and ecclesiastical Reaction. Unless some great shock reawakens the better spirit of the nation we may before long have reason to wish that your lot, which is pointed at as so miserable, were ours.

"Gladstone's speech in favor of the extension of the suffrage has somewhat revived the Liberal party from the state of asphyxia into which it has been thrown by the treachery of Palmerston. But the oligarchy is deeply rooted, even the middle classes having to a great extent joined the conspiracy to exclude the working-classes from the franchise. I suspect the disintegration of the present system is likely to commence in the ecclesiastical rather than in the political sphere.

"One sentence in your letter was most welcome—that in which you told me that the news from Grant was on the whole thought encouraging. The telegrams produced the impression of a great disaster. I assure you that I did a very bad morning's work after reading the news yesterday.[1] My only comfort was my confidence in Grant. The characters of history are not, any more than its scenes, repeated; and it would be absurd to expect the reappearance of the great Puritan chief[2] in the America of the present day. But this man seems to me of all that have come forward in the war to be the most like Cromwell in the qualities which command confidence, sustain hope amidst difficulties and misfortunes, and lead on through all trials to victory. From Cromwell's ambition (if Cromwell was ambitious) he seems, happily for himself and his country, to be nobly free. Of his military merits of course I can form no judgment. But his character, so far as I can discern it at this distance, makes a great impression on me: and I feel that in him there is embodied at last the best spirit of your nation.

"I shall be glad to see you safe through the crisis of the Presidential Election.[3] The feeling of your friends here is, I think, universally in favor of Lincoln, both because he seems to them on the whole to have done his part well and because it would be a proof of constancy on the part of the 'fickle democracy' of America. His recent letter, explaining the principles of his conduct on the question of Slavery, appeared to all of us an admirable document. No State paper equal to it in sterling qualities has been produced on this side of the water for many a year.

"I hope to sail for Boston about the end of August. I shall not sail till then, among other reasons, because it is possible that in the mean time there may be a use for my pen. We are not so strong as we ought to be among the literary class or in the more powerful part of the Press. I think of coming in a sailing-vessel, in order that (when my seasickness is over) I may be among real sailors and really enjoy the sea. But this depends on my finding a good ship willing to take a cabin passenger, which I believe is not easy. Any information or advice you can give

[1] Lee and Longstreet, the Southern generals, advanced rapidly early in this month (May); and the severe and indecisive battle near Chancellorsville in the Wilderness was fought on the fifth and sixth of the month.

[2] Cromwell—whom he has elsewhere styled "The Great Puritan."

[3] The contest was between Lincoln and McClellan.

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me will of course be most welcome, and I need hardly say that one of the greatest pleasures and advantages to which I shall look forward in my visit will be that of making acquaintance with you. As to the 'burdensome expressions of grateful feeling,' I trust that by that time they will be effectually diverted to worthier objects by the return of your victorious army; a sight which I would give not a little to behold.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours very faithfully,

"GOLDWIN SMITH.

"C. E. NORTON, Esquire."

And this is what he himself, after coming to America, told his American friends seated round the table at the breakfast given in his honor as a welcome by the citizens of New York in 1864:

"Till I came here I was—not a revolutionist, for no man can more heartily abhor violent evolutions—but somewhat impatient of political evils, and anxious for vehement effort and for immediate change."

As early as 1864, three years before his father's death, six years after his appointment to the chair of Modern History at Oxford, he wrote to Charles Eliot Norton, on the eve of his first visit to America thus:

"The Cunard which leaves Liverpool on the 20th August will, I hope, bring me to Boston. I shall come with feelings very different from those of a mere tourist to a land which, since you have irrevocably broken your connection with Slavery, I have learnt to regard almost as my own. For, with all loyalty to the land of my birth, the heart of a political student cannot fail to be, in some measure, with the nation which in spite of all the calamities which beset and all which (it is to be feared) still await it, bears, more than any other, in the bark of its fortunes the political (and, as I believe, the religious) hopes of man. I am sure no American can have watched with more intense interest or deeper anxiety than I have the terrible crisis through which all that you and I most value is now passing."

The fact is that in his visit to the United States in 1864 (largely as the mouthpiece of those who so strenuously took the part of the North in the American Civil War) he was received on every hand with unlimited adulation. And this was but natural. He was an eminent Oxford Professor. He came representing eminent men. He came bringing an expression of the sympathy of these eminent men with the North. His culture, his refinement, his earnestness, his dignity of bearing, all no doubt shone out and deeply impressed all American citizens. No wonder they made much

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of him. No wonder also that this their adulation left their impress upon one who, in his own country, in some quarters, perhaps in his own University, was looked upon rather askance. The Americans never forgot the services he had rendered them; and he on his part never forgot their kindly reception of him. Even when afterward he had to chide his pet nation, his " second nation " as he calls it, as, at the time of the Spanish-American war and the Annexation of the Philippines, he considered himself called upon to do, he did it in a most fatherly way, and not often did Goldwin Smith chide in a fatherly way.

By this time too (I am speaking of 1867 and 1868) his Liberal political colleagues were either dead or had lost their prestige. Peel, his idol, had fallen from power in 1846, and died in 1850. Sidney Herbert (afterward Lord Herbert of Lea), Secretary of State for War in 1859, died in 1861; and in the same year died that other political friend both of Goldwin Smith and of Herbert, Sir James Graham. His close friend and confidant, the fifth Duke of Newcastle, Irish Secretary, Colonial Secretary, and Secretary for War, died in 1864. Cobden died in 1865.

Goldwin Smith's political opponent, Disraeli, was in the ascendant, having become Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1866, and Prime Minister in 1868 and again in 1874. (It was in 1868 that Goldwin Smith left England.) Some people think that it was Disraeli's satire in *Lothair* that drove the Professor into exile. This is a mistake: *Lothair* did not appear until 1870. But there was no doubt a covert allusion to the Professor in that sentence in Benjamin Disraeli's speech on the cession of the Ionian Isles in which he said, " Professors and rhetoricians find a system for every contingency, and a principle for every chance; but you are not going, I hope, to leave the destinies of the British Empire to prigs and pedants."

The " Imperialism " against which he had so strenuously fought was gaining ground, and the Colonies, the retention of which he so powerfully opposed, year by year were growing, both in importance and in influence. (The Dominion of Canada was consolidated in 1867.)

America opened a new field. There, the republican and democratic North had conquered. Perhaps the stern Republican thought that in that republican and democratic North there was a scope for his ambition.

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And that he was ambitious, despite his own asseverations to the contrary, we must believe. The proofs of this are overwhelming. His politico-journalistic energy was intense: he wrote for many papers; he spoke on many platforms; the Dean of Winchester (the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens) says that "he came forward as a candidate for various chairs, both in Oxford and elsewhere.[1]

Lastly, and chiefly, from the innumerable conversations I had with my revered Chief during the eighteen years I was at his elbow, I gradually came to think that, although the great man never, himself, openly avowed such an ambition, yet in his inmost heart he really thought that he might, before his death, be acclaimed as the successful apostle of what he always called and never ceased to preach, the "reunion of the English-speaking peoples on this continent." All his energies during all the best part of his life were directed toward that consummation; and innumerable—and most optimistic—were his references to such consummation in his letters to his American friends.

From many not too-cryptic utterances I gathered that he hoped also to be the means of mollifying the somewhat harsh sentiments with which, during and after the War of Secession, the people of Great Britain and the people of the Northern States of America regarded each other; and so to be a harbinger of a "moral reunion" (the phrase is his own) greater even than that of the political coalescence of the two races already upon this northern continent. Every reader of Goldwin Smith's works will know how strenuously, yet tactfully, he spoke of England in American magazines, and spoke of America in English magazines.

Out of sympathy with England, then; in entire sympathy with North America; lauded by all North America; holding high hopes for the future of the North American continent; willing to devote his life to such hopes; himself a University Professor, being offered a professorship in a new North American University—the die was cast: he accepted. That is my solution of the enigma.

Besides, there is another reason for the continued expatriation of Goldwin Smith.

After two or more years at Cornell, he went to Canada. There, in 1873, he married Mrs. Boulton, a widow with ample means and a comfortable mansion. In that mansion

[1] *Life of E. A. Freeman,* vol. i., p. 219.

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he settled and built himself an annexed study-library and—wrote. He was offered the Mastership of University College, Oxford; people begged him to come back to England—they offered him uncontested Liberal constituencies if he would stand for Parliament; the Radical party, for a time bereft of its leaders, sought him; the Liberal-Unionist party, wanting a strong anti-Home-Rule advocate, sought him. But Mrs. Goldwin Smith's interests and predilections were perhaps hardly such as would enable her to adapt herself readily to the duties which would devolve upon the wife of a Head of an Oxford College or of a leader of a political party. Besides, all her relations, friends, and social and domestic ties were American or Canadian. Therefore Goldwin Smith declined. Indeed, he told me that, although his wife had consented to accompany him to England, he felt that such a step would have been an "uprooting" of her whole life and interests.

In a manner, therefore, it may be said that the whole of Goldwin Smith's life was shaped by two great acts of self-abnegation: the resignation of the Oxford professorship on account of his father's health, and the resignation of all opportunities of academical or political distinction at home on account of his wife's social and domestic ties. That he sometimes looked back longingly toward England I am sure; more especially when it began to dawn upon him that the annexation of Canada to the United States was a thing becoming more and more remote as time went on, and when perhaps it began to dawn upon him also that a single pen fitfully contributing to ephemeral journals did not bring the two mighty nations which inhabit the opposing shores of the Atlantic very much nearer the one to the other. Yet never once did he allow a syllable of regret to leave his lips.

Often have I wondered what was passing in the great man's mind as he sat pensively at his desk gazing out of the window onto his quiet lawn, a black skull-cap on his head, his pen held idly in his hand. Did his memory go back to the sward of Oxford, and in his mind's eye did he see Magdalen's "cloistered and ivy-mantled quadrangle"?

To his lasting honor be it said he never turned aside from the work he had set himself to do, or allowed either criticism or contumely to cause him to relinquish the great ideals he had created.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

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HOW TO AMEND THE CURRENCY BILL

BY FRANK A. VANDERLIP

I AM asked by the editor to summarize the testimony given at a hearing before the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency, October 8th and 9th, in regard to pending financial legislation.

Of much more interest than anything I may have said is the attitude of the Committee itself toward the subject of financial legislation, as revealed by their conduct of the hearing and the view which was given of their trend of mind and state of information by the questions asked.

This group of twelve Senators will be most influential in determining the final form of the law and particularly will the seven Democrats on that Committee have great power in writing the final words. My own views, therefore, as expressed to the Committee, are of small interest compared to any revelation which the hearing gave of the views of the Committee.

I was told by members of the Committee before the questioning formally began that they had already heard more than was profitable; that they had had many people before them who obviously neither understood the subject nor had made themselves familiar with the bill; that nearly all bankers spoke from a prejudiced point of view, and the Committee was already so familiar with the arguments presented that they knew what a banker's answer would be to a question before he started to give it. There seemed to be a general feeling that further hearings would be fruitless. For my part, I had some preconceived notions that the final shaping of the most important legislation which we have had in fifty years was in the hands of men who knew little of economics, less of technical banking, and much of politics. I faced, however, a group of gentlemen who were earnestly endeavoring to add to their knowledge; to submit their ideas

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to the test of practical experience, and even to discuss patiently and without closed minds fundamental conceptions in regard to the extent of political power that should rightly be wielded over the business of banking. The contrast between the attitude and methods of this Committee and the attitude and methods of the famous Pujo Committee was absolute. The Senate Committee on Banking and Currency is earnestly endeavoring to bring out all the facts, and not to develop such facts only as will conform to their political purposes. They give evidence of a feeling of high responsibility, and they individually show a knowledge of the subject which may be recently acquired in some cases, but is certainly already very extensive.

The Chairman has been an Oklahoma banker, and the very name of Oklahoma is anathema in the minds of many conservative bankers who have watched the bank-deposit-guarantee law of that State work disaster. After more than eight full hours of questioning covering the two days' hearing, I carried away the impression that Chairman Owen understands the economic principles and the banking technique of the problem as thoroughly as the well-informed banker. The only differences that would arise between him and the well-informed banker would be in regard to political conceptions concerning control and the proper function of the Government in issuing currency.

Senator O'Gorman voices what is undoubtedly the true attitude of mind of the Committee when he said that not a single member of the Committee is in favor of the passage of the bill as it stands. The Committee is open-minded, and will unquestionably improve the bill. To draw a conclusion from questions asked, it would seem that Senator O'Gorman and Senator Hitchcock, of Nebraska, who are given credit for being among the Democratic members most strongly opposed to the bill in its present form, would prefer one central bank owned and entirely controlled by the Government. The Nebraska Senator is one of the most active-minded men on the Committee and is acute in his questioning. His questions show a fine comprehension of the subject, but indicate, perhaps, a lack, as yet, of crystallization of his views.

Senator Reed, of Missouri, gives evidence in his questions of a trained legal mind. He made his inquiries with precision and often stated his questions in a way that was quite

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as illuminating as could any answer to the question itself have been. He modestly disclaims having had practical knowledge of the subject when the inquiry began, but he appeared to give evidence of a deep feeling of responsibility, of a desire honestly to master the problem, and of a wish not to be hurried to conclusions.

Senator Pomerene was an intent listener, but did not reveal much of his own views in regard to the final form of legislation by the questions that he asked. He appeared more concerned with the political aspects of control, and he gave evidence of his earnest belief in the value and right of Government control.

The character of the questioning of Senator Shafroth, of Colorado, indicated that his mind is pursuing the subject from original and independent points of view, which were not fully revealed.

The Republicans will evidently have much more influence in the Senate Committee than they had in the House, where they were excluded from committee sessions and the legislation made strictly a party measure. Every member of the Committee is influenced by the sound common sense of Knute Nelson. He has a mind that gets at the essential kernel, and an occasional question from him, couched in homely language, would have in it so much of obvious common sense as to be illuminating.

Senator Bristow, of Kansas, impressed me as most sincere and earnestly interested in formulating a measure that will benefit the whole country. He has a deep suspicion of the so-called "moneyed interests"—and prejudices that made him quick to see that a loan on stock-exchange collateral had about it none of the self-liquidating character of an ideal bank loan, but that prevented his understanding why a Kansas farm mortgage was even more unliquid in character and should by the same reasoning be excluded from rediscounts.

The man who has had the best opportunity for gaining a thorough and broad understanding of the whole subject is Senator Weeks, of Massachusetts. Added to a lifetime of active financial business, he has had the experience of membership in the National Monetary Commission which collected the information that was the basis for the Aldrich Bill. He seems to know the subject thoroughly, and his intelligent questions were valuable.

Senator Hollis was quiet and earnest, a good listener, and

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one who will no doubt have influence in the final deliberations.

I have simply given my impressions of those Senators who found it possible to be constantly in attendance and who were taking active part in the hearing.

I left the Committee with a feeling of confidence that the measure which they will report out to the Senate will be a great improvement on the bill which passed the House. My belief is (although the truth and correctness of that conclusion could not be demonstrated) that if it were not for political exigencies practically every member of the Committee would favor the creation of one central reserve reservoir, whether it be called a central bank or not; also that the party declarations in regard to the Government's sovereign right to issue all currency may prevent the Committee from exercising its true judgment in the way of making the new notes the obligations of the Federal reserve banks, rather than the obligations of the Government.

So much for my observance of the Committee, and, as I have said, the interest and open-mindedness of its members, combined with their grasp of the subject, impressed me as highly important and prophetic of desirable results. I cannot undertake to cover in the limits of so brief an article the testimony of a two days' hearing, and will content myself with epitomizing the principal objections to the bill in its present form.

Prefacing a statement of these objections, some of which I deem vital to the successful working of the measure, I want to say that on the whole the bill seems to me to have been drawn with great intelligence. It is by no means the work of amateurs in finance. It shows a thorough grasp of the main principles that must be embodied in correct legislation, but it stops short of fully incorporating those principles, and in doing so has left the measure where it must be amended if it is successfully to accomplish what its framers desire.

The main defect, so far as the immediate working of the bill is concerned, is in the provision which establishes at least twelve regional reserve banks, and thus fails to create the central reservoir for reserves which is essential. The necessity of such a central reservoir has been clearly recognized, and the power to compel loans from one reserve

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bank to another has been given to the Federal Reserve Board, but that power has been so hedged about that it would not be effective. If more than one central reservoir is established, true mobilization of reserves can thereafter be attained only by giving to a superior body the power to compel loans. The objection to doing that is deep-seated in the minds of bankers, whose whole training makes them rebel from a provision which would compel a bank to make a loan against the judgment of the directors of that bank. If Congress insists upon more than one reserve center, however, it must also grant an effective power to the Federal Reserve Board so they can pipe together the several reserve reservoirs and thus, in effect, make a single central reserve center.

There are other most impressive reasons why there should not be twelve reserve bank districts. The theory of mobilization of reserves rests on the principle of utilizing the surplus of one community to meet the deficiency in another. It is, therefore, necessary to have the district embraced in each regional reserve center so large that there will be a variety of banking conditions; so large that if there is a crop-moving demand in one part of the district, that demand shall not be universal in the district, but shall in some measure, at least, be counteracted by coming at a period when there is a plethora of funds in another portion of the district. A community would be far better served by a branch of a reserve bank which covered a district made to embrace a large territory of dissimilar geographical and climatic conditions than it could possibly be by having its own reserve bank surrounded by a small region in which, because of similar climatic and other conditions, there would be no variety to the demand. If all of the banks within a region feel at the same time a similar demand, most of the advantage of mobilization of reserves disappears. It seems to me that nothing could be clearer than that there should be one reserve reservoir, and not twelve or more. If that is found politically impossible, then under no circumstances should there be more than four. With four there could be established a relationship between the management of the four banks and a mutual understanding and spirit of co-operation developed that would permit the plan to work with a success approximating the correct method of a single reserve center. With more than

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four, I regard it as extremely doubtful, if not impossible, to do that, and with twelve I am sure it is impossible.

On the subject of the composition of the Federal Reserve Board, I am less fearful of a baneful influence of politics than I am of the results that would follow a lack of training, a lack of financial wisdom, and the certainty, which the form of the measure provides, of a lack of continuity in the management. It must be remembered that the Federal reserve banks are operated under the direction of a board of nine directors, six of whom are selected by the bankers. When that is kept clearly in mind, when it is not lost sight of that the bankers themselves are responsible for the management of the Federal reserve banks, the fear of political domination by the Federal Reserve Board is robbed of much of its force. I believe it is more just and will be wiser to give the banks direct representation on the Federal Reserve Board. In any event, the present composition of that Board, as provided in the law, is unwise. Three of the seven members are ex-officio officers, fully engaged with the duties of their own offices, changing with the change of administration, and often more frequently, and none of them necessarily experienced in banking. There are some reasons why the Secretary of the Treasury is entitled to a seat on the Federal Reserve Board, and perhaps they outweigh the very good reasons why he should not have such a seat. However, I can conceive of no adequate reason for putting the Comptroller of the Currency, who is made a subordinate of the Secretary of the Treasury by the Act, and the Secretary of Agriculture upon the Board. This Federal Reserve Board should be a great independent body, comparable, it has been well said, with the Supreme Court. Surely we would not put the Attorney-General, changing with the administration, upon the Supreme Court. I would advocate large salaries, long terms, and the devotion of complete service to the work of the Board. I would oppose appointments being made as political rewards. I object to a provision which creates a bi-partisan board, as does the present bill, instead of insuring a non-partisan one.

If bankers are to have no direct representation on the Federal Reserve Board, the importance of the Federal Advisory Council should be emphasized. This Council should have the right to sit in full membership with the Federal Reserve Board, taking part in all discussions, having access

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to all information, receiving proper compensation, now prohibited by the bill. Under this plan, while they would have no vote in determining the decisions of the Federal Reserve Board, they would have the fullest opportunity to give that Board the benefit of their practical experience and the advantage of direct contact with the actual banking situation. I think the objection to a Federal Reserve Board composed entirely of political appointees would largely disappear if bankers knew that their own representatives would have such opportunity to submit their views to the Federal Reserve Board. As Senator Nelson said, the position of the members of such a Federal Advisory Council would be similar to the position in the House of Representatives of territorial Delegates.

A fundamental error in the bill as it now stands is the provision which makes the new note issue the obligation of the Government and makes the Government responsible for its redemption. I can conceive no good reason for involving the credit of the Government in this issue of what should be purely bank notes. They are essentially bank notes, secured by a segregation of commercial paper and a maintained reserve of thirty-three and one-third per cent. of gold or lawful money. That reserve should be in gold, and the notes redeemable in gold, and the banks should be the makers of the notes and solely responsible for their redemption. The plan proposed would for a time work much the same as if the notes were correctly made the obligations of the banks, but there would always be the possibility of the credit of the Government becoming involved quite unnecessarily. At a time of great drain upon the Government, in the event of an expensive war or the paralysis of the Government's receipts through an extreme trade depression, these notes might be the means of absolutely breaking down the Government's solvency. The guarantee of the Government is as unnecessary on the notes as it is on the deposits of the Federal reserve banks. Bankers certainly should be absolved from any charge of selfishness when they ask that the banks they create take all the responsibility for redeeming the notes, and that the Government's credit be not involved.

The division of earnings of the bank is unwise. All the earnings, after paying a proper rate of dividend on the stock, should go to the Government. There should be no

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possibility that the managers of the Federal reserve banks run them for profit, as they would be tempted to do if forty per cent. of the earnings are to be paid over in the form of interest on deposit balances, as the measure now provides.

The Federal reserve banks should not be penalized by having to pay interest to the Government on circulating notes taken out, if their customers happen to require credit in the form of circulating notes instead of deposit balances. An issuing bank ought to have perfect freedom so far as any penalizing of earnings is concerned on issuing credit, either in the form of a deposit balance or a circulating note.

The new note issue will not fulfil expectations in providing a truly elastic currency. We already have, except under the special demand of the crop-moving, or some abnormal condition, an ample supply of circulation. There will, therefore, be no room for the new notes. Two-per-cent. bonds bearing the circulation privilege will be worth more than the three-per-cent. bonds without the circulation privilege, by which the Government proposes to retire them. They will, therefore, not retire, and the volume of present bond-secured national bank-note circulation will not materially decrease. It must be materially cut down if there is to be room for the new notes to operate as a truly elastic currency, and thus make the total volume of their circulation conform to business needs. My recommendation is that half of the two-per-cent. bonds now under circulation be purchased by the Federal reserve banks, to be paid for in the new notes. This would retire over $300,000,000 of the existing bond-secured notes. The Government should then exchange for the $300,000,000 thus in the hands of the Federal reserve banks an equal amount of one-year three-per-cent. notes, which the Federal reserve banks would agree to renew at each maturity for twenty years. The $300,000,000 new notes which the Federal reserve banks would thus take out should be subject to a tax of one and one-half per cent., which would compensate the Government for the loss of the one-half of one per cent. tax on the national bank notes retired and the one-per-cent. increase in the interest paid on the one-year notes over the interest heretofore paid on the two-per-cent. bonds. The advantage of this course would be twofold: it would retire a sufficient amount of the present bond-secured circulation to make room for the new elastic notes, and the total volume of cir-

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culation will thereafter approximately conform to business needs. Of as great importance, it would give to the Federal reserve banks the means to command, in some measure, the discount market and secure them an effective instrument for use in the international financial markets, and thus give them power in a measure to control a threatened export movement of gold. The point is that a Government one-year note is a bankable instrument, whereas a twenty-year bond is an obligation that can only find an investment market. With these one-year notes, the Federal reserve banks could sell them in the reserve market when it was wise to take reserves from the member banks and to strengthen their own reserve position, thus checking a tendency toward too free expansion of the member banks; or they could sell or pledge them to banks in any of the world's financial markets for foreign exchange, which would check an overflow of gold, or, if conditions permitted, enable them directly to buy or borrow gold for importation to strengthen their own reserves.

I have reached the limit which the editor has permitted me to fill, and, as I have said, I cannot summarize two days' testimony within that limit. There are many other important points. Such a summary of my opinion as the foregoing is to me unsatisfactory, however, because it would seem to indicate only objections to the bill in its present form. There is in it far more to commend than to deprecate. I believe that with such amendments as I have indicated a measure would be created which would be of incalculable benefit to our commerce and to our international financial position. This benefit would be felt through the entire breadth of society. Banks would no longer have to devote large resources to stock-exchange call loans as they are now forced to do, and there would be hundreds of millions of dollars of new funds at the disposal of sound commercial enterprise. Commercial paper would in time become as liquid as stock-exchange loans now normally are, and not subject to the danger that we experience from the non-self-liquidating character of these loans, when we discover in a crisis that the only way they can be paid is to be shifted, and there is no place to which effectively to shift them. The measure so amended would tend to create a discount market which would not only make available for commercial borrowers in one community any plethora of bank funds that might

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exist in another, but would make available here a plethora of European bank funds in the same way. The extreme danger that we are always facing from our twenty-five thousand individual bank reserves would be eliminated. The disadvantage of the present pyramiding of bank reserves would be done away with. A note issue would be created which would expand and contract in accordance with commercial needs. Our present locking up of reserve money is uneconomic, in that banks carry a larger reserve so locked up than would be necessary under a proper banking system. The new plan would permit a generous expansion, based on our existing reserves, but I believe would carry with it sufficient powers of control to prevent it running to dangerous limits.

One can hardly state the advantages which would flow from truly sound banking and currency legislation. If I were to attempt to state what I truly believe would be the measure of those advantages, I would run into what would seem great extravagance of language. On the other hand, a poverty of words prevents depicting the disaster that would result from unwise legislation. The responsibility that rests on Congress has never been exceeded, I believe, in my lifetime, and I am hopeful that that responsibility is to be discharged in a patriotic, wise, and nonpartisan manner.

FRANK A. VANDERLIP.

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OUR SUPERVISED MORALS

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX

WHO is to supervise the morals of a people? The time is past when parents supervised the morals of their children, and the government in a large and liberal spirit took charge of such mature persons as obstructed the public welfare. With the growth of the world and the multiplication of complexities and the swift spread of evil communications this matter of supervising morals has passed into the control of censors, librarians, critics, and that huge and alarming leviathanic specter, Public Opinion.

Now morals, like any other defined science, should have a creed and a body of doctrine. But where to-day should serious students, librarians who must accept and exclude books for general circulation, censors who are to judge the value and virtue of plays, legislators who must choose subjects fit for public discussion—where are all these to go to school and prepare themselves for their great public function? Where are our schools of morals and ethics to set beside our law and divinity schools—and our new schools of journalism? This, the most serious subject in the world—how so to live as to do no harm to ourselves or to others—is left to the mere erratic tendencies of private, unaided, and unschooled opinion. Perhaps the churches are considered the schools of morals, and if this is admitted the statistics of the church attendance of all our legislators, librarians, purveyors of amusement, art censors, etc., should be taken. But no; the churches are schools of theological dogma, a matter totally unrelated to morals and only here and there, sporadically, does one find clergymen with definite ethical doctrines who feel called upon to teach them. The topic uppermost just now in the ministerial mind, as who may prove who listens to sermons from Maine to Virginia and from Massachusetts to Colorado, is the supremacy and need

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of the Church. That the Church is not a useless or a decadent institution is vociferously proclaimed from all the pulpits. Well, is it a school of morals? Is it intent upon a nice distinction between right and wrong? Does it teach and control the librarians who are discarding books, the legislators who are deciding what occupations are suited to Sunday and which to Monday? Can it settle the matter of prohibition and temperance and prostitution? Somehow our morals are inadequately handled. Popular morality consists largely in a terror at innovation, at a sense of outrage at anything new. Results to the unconcerned outsider are interesting and provocative of thought. Revolting and inane musical comedies flourish unhindered. Cabaret shows —the outer and visible sign of the inward and material disgrace—become popular and established customs. Veiller's instructive play "The Fight" must be taken from the stage or cut to suit the moral sense of the police, while Brieux's morality plays fight for a hearing! Who can forget the winter when in Philadelphia Strauss's opera "Salome" was suppressed, while "The Soul-Kiss," an unclean and revolting exhibition, ran for three months? The drama which with serious art made evil loathsome and contrasted it with a saint who triumphed, was condemned. But the play which made indecency appear a gay jest, flourished. Where were the schools of morals? It would seem that we are not afraid of anything light and frivolous, however immoral, if it appeal to the under-educated and the irresponsible, but we are seriously opposed to any grave consideration of morality. It is as if our chief slogan were to cry: What we do not mention does not exist. But alas! the shut eye is no sign of death, and sly jest and insinuating innuendo are but a thin covering for flaunted evil.

Meanwhile the librarians are barring from circulation Hall Caine's new book—not in the least on the very plausible grounds that he lacks a fine sense of reality, and that hysterical melodrama is a dangerous explosive, but because he discusses too freely and openly the questions of marriage and divorce.

Where are we to turn for the cures of this disease we call immorality? Where are we to learn its causes, its needs, its cures?

We do not suppress disease by shutting our eyes to it. When it is flagrantly present we contrast it at once with

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health, we try remedies, we publish our conclusions, we openly discuss our efficiency. One lesson in morality that requires spreading is that serious and intentional publicity is necessary and a precaution, whereas any easy and jesting acceptance of evil is destructive. Another is that serious thinking is not necessarily morbid or decadent, and new ideas, wherever they are directed toward the protection of life and liberty without infringement upon the rights of others, are valuable assets and not insults. If a joyous acceptance of life as it appears on the surface is the natural primitive instinct, thought, discrimination, judgment, are growth, not decay. The throw-back from maturity of mind is senility, not decadence. Surely that is not what we desire when we discard contemplation.

Another question about which there is much discussion is how is the healer, the doctor of ethics, to be trained. What is it he is to be taught in order to heal his world? Writes one critic of modern institutions: "The healer in any line must study evil; he must first know what he is to heal." According to this the chief study of the healer is the immorality he is to conquer. He is to study the exact opposite of what he is to practise. For what he is to practise and make manifest among men is goodness. If one turn back down the ages to see how this has worked in history it is difficult to come to a conclusion. There was Buddha, for example, admittedly a very great healer of sin and sinners. He retired from the world, renouncing parents, wife, and all social ties, feeling that only in the quiet contemplation of virtue could he really serve his world. "A man is not wise by much speaking," he reported; "a man is wise who is forgiving, kindly, and fearless." "To study new ideals, to purify the mind by contemplation of all things fair and just," this was what he finally had to teach.

"As the wind throws down a shaky tree, so death and illusion overthrow him who gives his life to vanity, uncontrolled, intemperate, slothful, and effeminate. But who turns his eyes from vanity, controlled and temperate, faithfully and strenuously seeking the good, Death cannot overthrow any more than the wind can overthrow a rocky crag."

And again he says:

"If thou wouldst be a warrior, put on armor. The stripping oneself of worldly standards is the sword of the combat; endurance is the helmet; humility is the breastplate."

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Lao-Tze, who wrote the Ta-Teh-King, a path upon which many climbed virtuewards, has a cryptic saying on this matter of the knowledge of evil: "To know—yet be as though not knowing—this is good." "Those whose faith (in the good) is insufficient shall not find it."

This attitude would seem more Christlike than the first. That Christ recognized evil is undeniable, though He seems never to have dwelt upon it or studied it or healed by reason of His knowledge of it. If one take His most authentic words, one finds evil mentioned just once in His prayer, and the Sermon on the Mount is a mere repetition of beatitudes. Of His unconquerable belief in one's power of discovering good everywhere and the necessity of looking for it, we have the Oxyrhynchite Logia: "Raise the stone and there thou shalt find me, cleave the wood and there am I." His utterances upon evil are few and scattered and casual; such brief comment as, "Go and sin no more."

Socrates' whole time was given to the search after the true nature of good, and he at least reached the conviction that it did not consist in any traffic between gods and men.

St. Francis was a most wonderful healer, and if thieves and lepers and wild animals bowed to his love and friendliness it was because his whole vision was a vision of good. He wasted no thought upon the evil he was to cope with; he merely replaced it by beauty. He quite literally overcame evil with good.

Are not our physicians at last realizing that their art is not a study of disease so much as a study of health and how to preserve it? A great reaction is taking place all through the profession; a reaction that tends to deal with hygiene and the laws of health rather than the course of diseases. If Christian Science carries this doctrine to a hysterical limit, at least there is a fundamental truth at the base. We know what health is by having it, not by having a disease to cure. And we shall know goodness by seeing it, by hearing it extolled, by practising it; and the great teachers and healers will be so drenched in goodness that the knowledge of evil shall be the smallest part of their equipment. Some wise man has said: "Let no picture of evil stand before men without its contrasting good, that their minds may dwell chiefly on the goal to be attained."

Louise Collier Willcox.

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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

SIGNIFICANT HAPPENINGS OF THE MONTH

Opera for the People, and an English "Lohengrin."—A remarkable dramatic essay in the horrible.[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

"*Le songe, le songe, l'éternel songe!*" Well, each of us, like the Celt whose infirmity was thus intimated, has, no doubt, his ever-beckoning dream—for the artist, some haunting vision of perfected loveliness; for some, the Ultimate Woman; for the impresario, ever restless, ever unafraid, Opera in English—or, as it has latterly been called, "Opera for the People." It is a phrase sacred to those whose aim is to promulgate opera in the vernacular, and for them it is a beacon-light that is never dimmed. How many experiments in Anglicized Opera has this country not witnessed! Thirty years ago Wagner's "Lohengrin" might have been heard in an English version at the Metropolitan Opera House; and last month it was thus presented at the Century Opera House in the course of the most ambitious venture in popularized opera that has ever been attempted in New York.

The sponsors of the Century Opera Company, which has begun a thirty-five weeks' season of Opera in English, announce their programme as "opera for the people." It is impossible to feel otherwise than cordially toward an enterprise which pursues with vigor and resource so amiable an ideal as that which is confessed by the organization at the Century. Its primary aim is to make opera cheap—by which we mean easily accessible. There is only one way to make opera cheap, and we shall permit the Century

[1] A number of significant current plays which there is not space to discuss in this issue will be reviewed in the next number of the REVIEW.

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organization to speak for itself on this delicate point: "Do the music patrons of Greater New York," they ask us, "want a popular opera-house in which the opera itself is the attraction, instead of the stars who appear in it?—in which the ensemble is maintained at a high standard without individual singers being figured? Hitherto the star system has been strictly adhered to by grand opera institutions of the first class in America, and it has become so firmly established that generally opera patrons ask, 'Who is singing to-night?' rather than, 'What opera is being presented?'"

In that there is much reason and much truth. We should not dream of disputing the fact that the average opera-goer is a barbarian in this respect, and will probably continue so for a long time to come. But let us not assail the "star-system" too relentlessly. A "star" is, after all, only a singing-actor of pre-eminent ability. It is perhaps an unpalatable fact, but it is none the less indisputable, that the only person who can interpret adequately a great rôle is the "star." It is perfectly obvious that the real remedy for the iniquities of the "star system" is to give *all* the rôles in an opera to stars, instead of eliminating the stars entirely from the cast. That is, of course, the precise opposite of the plan ordinarily adopted by those who are disturbed by the existence of the star, and there is no denying that it implies a counsel of perfection, and that perfection is expensive. Whereupon we arrive, somewhat unwillingly, at the conclusion toward which we have been tending—namely, that "opera for the people" necessarily means cheap opera; that cheap opera, even when you call it a move against the "star-system," necessarily means opera with inferior singers.

But "inferior" is a relative term. At the Century you can hear "Lohengrin" for twenty-five cents—not very comfortably, to be sure, at that price, but not so uncomfortably as to be intolerable. Well—to be concrete—what kind of a performance of "Lohengrin" can you hear for twenty-five cents? Let us try to forget for the moment that we are engaged in a deadly warfare upon the "star-system," and address ourselves to that specific question.

Now "Lohengrin" is one of the most difficult of all operas to give satisfactorily. "Tristan und Isolde," despite its immeasurably more complex musical structure, is

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far easier to accomplish with some show of eloquence. Its emotional ingredients are extremely simple: a man and a woman in love—a man and a woman desiring each other, possessing each other, losing each other: that is the sum of it. We have seen a dozen *Tristans* who could thrill us in that heart-breaking, that Æschylean third act; we have seen a half-dozen memorable *Isoldes*. But there has been only one *Lohengrin*.

> " . . . . do not weep
> Too great a while, for there is many a candle
> On the high altar, though one fall."

A poet of wisdom and vision has said it; yet we must, perforce, lament the passing, as it seems for ever, of certain supreme interpretations, without hope of their reincarnation. There has been only one *Siegfried*—Alvary's; only one *Donna Anna*—Lehmann's; only one *Santuzza*—Calvé's; only one *Pelléas*—Périer's; only one *Lohengrin*—De Reszke's. To be a perfect *Lohengrin* you must express not only spirituality but passion, not only otherworldliness but chivalric fire; not only aloofness but tenderness; you must be at once human and remote; sympathetic, yet suggestive of high and gleaming mysteries—a being half man and half angel. Is it any wonder that it took a " star " to do this? Moreover, the whole opera must be suffused in an atmosphere of poetic beauty and wonder—our feet must never quite be allowed to touch the earth.

With the exception of the marvelous Prelude, the music of " Lohengrin " is not to be compared for strength and originality with the great masterworks of Wagner's later years; yet because of the rarity of its poetic atmosphere, its truly mystical feeling, it is, as we have said, an extremely formidable opera to undertake. So its production by the Century Company was a daring adventure, involving a cruel test of its resources. It is, therefore, a true pleasure to be able to find occasion for honest praise of the result—especially when it is remembered that this was an English " Lohengrin." We do not intend to say that Mr. Morgan Kingston, who sang the rôle of the consecrated knight, was another Jean de Reszke; or that Miss Lois Ewell made *Elsa* a vital and engrossing character; or that Mr. Morton Adkins was an unforgetable *Telramund;* or that Miss Jayne Herbert was an imposing *Ortrud;* or that the chorus covered itself with glory; for none of these things would be

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true. Above all, we must sorrowfully admit that we derived no joy or illumination from the use of an English text. Often it was impossible to tell what words the singers were uttering (as in the long scene between *Ortrud* and *Telramund* at the beginning of the second act); and when the words were intelligible, one would have preferred not to hear them—the banal and ill-fitting translation which had been imposed upon Wagner's carefully contrived declamation was, as it always must be, a constant offense. Nevertheless, the performance gave cause for gratification. With a background of twenty years' familiarity with "Lohengrin," it was possible to find enjoyment in the Century's production of it. We remember with pleasure the authentic spirituality, the touching earnestness, the noble countenance, and the beautiful voice of Mr. Kingston's *Lohengrin*—there was the true note of lofty melancholy in this portrayal, though there was little charm or grace or imagination. We liked, too, the winsome and human *Elsa* of Miss Ewell—though this was no rapturous dream-maiden, habituated to visions and ecstasies. We liked the energy and feeling of Mr. Szendrei, the conductor. Above all, we liked the seriousness and enthusiasm that pervaded the entire performance, and we choose to forget the roughness, the lack of distinction; for think what it means to be able to hear "Lohengrin," done as well as it is done at the Century, for the price of a not excessively sybaritic cigar! We take off our hat to the Century Company and its admirable enterprise; and we are even prepared to forgive its infatuation for English perversions of operatic texts.

The name of Mr. F. Tennyson Jesse is unknown to us; likewise the name of Mr. H. M. Harwood. Yet one may see at the Princess Theater a little play by these coauthors which we should be pusillanimous in hesitating to call a masterpiece of the horrible.

At the Princess Theater they aim frankly to thrill, to astonish, to stun—whether by means that are esthetically legitimate does not weigh very heavily upon the managerial conscience. But "The Black Mask" is much more than a mere "thriller," a mere nervous irritant; it is a singularly imaginative and very haunting tragedy.

The action passes in the bleak and somber mining country of northern England. James Glasson and his wife

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Vashti have finished supper, and Vashti is clearing away the dishes. James wears a mask of black cloth that completely covers his head and conceals his features. The mask is shapeless, formless, with a single small slit through which the wearer may see his way about. James has worn it since the early days of his marriage, when he was terribly injured in a mine explosion. Vashti has not looked upon his face since the accident. She knows that he was fearfully disfigured, though just how and to what extent she is unaware. But the horror of the mask and what it conceals is always with her—a sinister and oppressive nightmare. Her imagination paints frightful pictures, and she has grown to loath and fear her grim, taciturn, forbidding mate. There is another man, Willie Strick, who had been her suitor. He and James were strikingly alike in appearance—she was not sure which she preferred, but she married James. Now she knows that it was Willie she loved.

To-night James has gone to visit the surgeon, and Vashti's signal has brought Willie to the cottage. He urges her to go away with him. She reproaches him for not having been bolder in his lovemaking while he was courting her. He was waiting for the right moment, he says.

"Waitin'!" she echoes bitterly—"yes, and while ye waited, *he* took me!"

Their passion flares up, and they are about to go to Vashti's room together when James, who has long had his suspicions, returns and surprises them. The men attack each other, and the husband is worsted. Willie flings the body into a corner, and over the motionless figure with the terrible black mask still covering its face of nameless horror the wife and her lover lay out their plan of action. The body must be thrown down the shaft of the near-by mine. Then Willie must put on the mask and wear it for a while, until they can get away. No one will suspect the substitution, for the men are as alike as twins.

Vashti leaves the room for a moment, after exhorting Willie to don the mask without delay. Her lover sits alone in the darkness, striving to regain his composure. In the silence something stirs in the corner; something crawls slowly, noiselessly, along the floor, behind the chair; and then a figure in a black mask springs upon the lover as he sits with his head on his arms. There is a short, fierce,

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noiseless struggle, a choking gasp, and again a figure is flung into the corner and lies there silently; but this time it is the lover, not the husband; and the lover is dead.

James drops the bread-knife he has used, turns down the lamp, and waits. Vashti hurries down the stairs at the side, agitated, breathless. Willie has put on the mask! That is right—but he must not wear it long: she could not endure it. Now they must dispose of the body. Together, in silence, they drag it through the door, and for a moment the stage is empty. Then they return, and Vashti mounts the stairs to her room to prepare for her lover's coming. He must come without long delay, she urges with rising passion; and he must remove the mask—she shudders as she looks at it.

He ascends the stairs, stands for a moment upon the landing, then flings open Vashti's door. As he enters her room you see him raise his hand to the mask with a gesture of malign and defiant triumph; there is a long, shuddering, agonized scream—a scream of infinite horror—as the door is closed again and the curtain falls.

Now here is something that is much more than a mere theatrical "shocker"—here is an appeal to the imagination. It is fitting to recall Mr. Swinburne's distinction between the force of tragic horror and what he calls "the vulgar shock of ignoble or brutal horror"—between the impressive and the terrible, and the horrible and the loathsome: between, as he says, Victor Hugo and Eugène Sue. This little tragedy that we have been describing points the distinction. It does not merely attack the nerve-centers: it shakes the heart and haunts the mind; it has pathos and terror; and it conveys the sense of life. The personages are real people: this particular tragedy might have happened—the whole thing is realized and set before us with astonishing vividness; for it is superbly acted by Miss Emelie Polini (Vashti) and Mr. Holbrook Blinn, who plays both the husband and the lover. It is appalling, but it does not violate the necessary austerity of art. Let us not forget that "there is no laughter too bitter, no irony too harsh for utterance, no passion too terrible to be set before the minds of men."

Lawrence Gilman.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH[1]

BY F. M. COLBY

In one of those breathless articles on the "modern spirit" and the way we speed along, an American college professor not long ago placed Mr. H. G. Wells well at the fore of a little group of British novelists who, he said, are completely revolutionizing taste. Among the others I recall the names of Messrs. Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, Eden Phillpotts, W. J. Locke, and Maurice Hewlett. All of them, said he, were applying the "direct gaze of the intellect" to all the facts of life. All were filled with the "compelling modern spirit" that sought only the naked truth and spurned the "indirections that have hitherto been accounted the signs of good taste." The professor declared himself a good deal shaken by their audacities. He said they snatched him away to the North Pole of intellectual experience, to the outermost boundaries of knowledge, and, though a strong man, he could not help quaking; but awful as it was, he found it exhilarating. The most terrible of them all, he said, was Mr. H. G. Wells, not because he had more faith than the others in this new and dangerous beauty, or because his audacities were rather more flagrant than any that the world has ever known heretofore, but because he best expressed the true inwardness of "modernity." He added that *The New Machiavelli* may be considered "the *pons asinorum* of modernism."

Now I do not deny that a man may quake on reading the latest novels of Mr. H. G. Wells (though I doubt it), but I do maintain that no healthy person was ever known to tremble on reading the other writers mentioned in this group. No man should trust himself again to hunt the big game of literature who has ever shown the slightest trace

[1] By H. G. Wells. Harper & Brothers: New York and London, 1913.

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of buck-fever on encountering a Bennett or a Phillpotts or a W. J. Locke. As time goes on almost any one may learn to regard with comparative complacency the terrific onward modern plunges of the British novelist of last week. The thing would not be worth mentioning if it were not so typical of our writings on "modernity." We spend a large part of our time, in print at least, in expressing amazement at the modern man's "modernity." Excitable commentators, like this college professor, start up every little while, and exclaim with astonishment and sometimes alarm at the contemporaneousness of their contemporaries.

The audacities and modernities of Mr. Wells in no wise account for the hold he has on our attention. Thoughts just as bold and newly dated have often put us fast asleep. In books it is not the progress that is exciting, it is the person you are progressing with. This is a day of prosy iconoclasms, when some of the dullest people ever known will blaze away at God, government, the family, and the moral sense with the most violent intentions and the drowsiest results. But Mr. Wells is so good company that we gladly go with him in any direction he may choose. He has the gift of making things seem new when they are not. He is wonderfully swift and sweeping. It took him only about six weeks to despatch *The Future of America.* In the opening essay of *Socialism and the Great State,* by no means a long paper, he crisply outlined the history of the entire human race down to the present day, showed what the trouble was, and pointed out the remedy; then at the end summed up the whole matter in a neat diagram, a sort of little time-table of destiny for a busy man to paste in his hat. It ran from complete savagery to the Great Solution two thousand years hence, and was not more than five inches long. Then there was a spirited series of papers on "The Labor Unrest" going straight to the root of that difficulty, and meanwhile he had shot his mind back among the shiny beings of the Carboniferous period and on to the time when man, half-angel, should stand laughing and stretch his hand to the stars, and he lectured on the stages in between before some learned body. But from these items you would not infer Mr. Wells. You might not infer a man at all, but only an Index to Periodicals. The really wonderful thing is not so much that Mr. Wells takes these flights as that he takes you with him. And he is so charm-

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ing a person that if, instead of progress and modernity and the rephrasing of our tea-table radicalism, he went back two centuries for his thoughts, it would make little difference to us. Mr. Chesterton goes back to the Middle Ages for his thoughts, and Mr. Chesterton is even more exciting.

Stratton, the hero of *The Passionate Friend,* was "one of those strange men who take high and sweeping views—as larks soar." So, it will be remembered, was the hero of *The New Machiavelli,* who found human affairs in a sad jumble and published the *Blue Weekly* to straighten them. So, too, was the hero of *Marriage,* who found the "empire and the monarchy and Lords and Commons and patriotism and social reform and all the rest of it silly, *silly,* beyond words," and went to Labrador "to think it out." Stratton passes through precisely the same intellectual experience. He began by believing in the Empire and in the significance of current politics. He thought that the Englishman was better than any other sort of man, that British civilization was the chief hope of the world, that German civilization was only its envious shadow.

His next phase was a belief in Efficiency. That was after five years in South Africa, spent first in active service during the Boer War, and later in the work of repatriation. The war put an end forever to all faith in the innate British superiority.

Then came the labor troubles of the Rand. There the problem was not particularly South African, but world-wide. What was to be done about it? The only answer he found was Efficiency. But gradually he came to see that the real quarrel was with the entire economic system of to-day. He came to see that Europe was "no more than the dog's-eared corner of the page of history." He began to ask himself such questions as What is humanity as a whole doing? and, What is the nature of the world process? He determined that he would no longer be a mere Englishman or European, or even a "mere denizen of Christendom." He would thenceforth be a "world-man," and to that end spends two years in Asia and six months in America. With patience he achieves a bird's-eye view of both these Continents, and returns to Europe with some of the broadest generalizations ever known. In India he has traversed all history from its beginning. He sees that Civilization is a "mere flourish out of barbarism." The last attempt of the

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onward impulse of mankind has produced Bombay and Calcutta, which are merely "vast feverish pustules upon the face of the peninsula." But everywhere are ruins which prove the futility of Civilization's past attempts. There are six extinguished Delhis. Who shall say that this is the last? But he believes the present time is different. Vast new constructive forces are at work. Never before has there been so much clear and critical thought in the world. Mankind is now entering on a new phase of living. The problem of humanity is no longer economic, but psychological. Already we have come to plenty. "There is enough for every one, and only a fool can be found to deny it." But we are still using the methods of the time when there was not enough for every one. The problem now is to make our present plenty "go round, and *keep it enough,* while we do."

Then the hero has a vision of the Great State very similar to that set forth in Mr. Wells's essay on the subject and a vision of the world to come like that presented to the learned body by Mr. Wells in his lecture on the *Discovery of the Future;* and there are passages of great eloquence and fire and some shrewd criticisms of current people and things. But there is always something of a jolt when Mr. Wells's builders of the future actually begin to build. Stratton's first step toward world regeneration is the organization of a huge international publishing company which is to sell at moderate prices the best books in all languages with translations, to control newspapers and magazines, with a view to preventing international misunderstandings, and to aid in all possible ways in peace movements and good causes generally.

As to the story itself, it turns on the tempestuous love of Stratton for the beautiful and charming Lady Mary Christian, who, though she returns his love, refuses to marry him on account of his poverty. She fears that if she marries him she will become his "squaw." She wishes to be powerful and splendid, and she marries a very rich man, who promises to make no demands on her and leave her freedom. This she construes as freedom to be with Stratton when she chooses. Entanglements follow, and Stratton, who has meanwhile married a thoroughly virtuous and loyal young woman, is threatened with a divorce suit and ruin, but the Lady Mary commits suicide and saves him. This bare outline is altogether misleading. It merely shows the

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absurdity of stripping a Wells novel to its plot. Yet half a dozen stodgy British reviewers are at this moment doing it, and two of them, whom I have just now read, are saying that such a story will never do. No "nice" woman would ever behave as did the Lady Mary, and that is all there is to be said.

Of course the essential thing in a Wells novel is not the plot or the situation. It is not whether a character is hanged or happily married, or behaves, on the whole, nicely or quite the reverse. The main point is that he creates people about whom one cares. He does not, like an American best seller, merely swear that his people are remarkable or interesting. He contrives an illusion in the reader's mind that they are so.

The Lady Mary Christian really does seem too good for the ordinary purposes of the usual marriage. She argues rather well against masculine appropriation:

"And I don't *want* to be your squaw. I don't want that at all. It isn't how I feel for you. I don't *want* to be your servant and possession. . . . Oh! Stephen dear, can't there be love—love without this clutching, this gripping, this carrying off? . . . Don't you see how much better that is for you and for me—and for the world and our lives? I don't want you to become a horrible little specialist in feeding and keeping me. . . . If I were to come now and marry you, it wouldn't help you. It would turn you into a wife-keeper, into the sort of uninteresting preoccupied man one sees running after and gloating over the woman he's bought—at the price of his money and his dignity and everything."

And as to sex jealousy:

"This tremendous force which seizes us and says to us, 'Make that other being yours, bodily yours, mentally yours, wholly yours—at any price, no matter the price,' bars all our unifications. It splits the whole world into couples watching each other. Until all our laws, all our customs seem the servants of that. . . . Here are we two, I and you, barred for ever from the sight of one another, and I and you writing—I, at any rate—in spite of the ill-concealed resentment of my partner. We're just two, peeping through our bars, of a universal multitude. Everywhere this prison of sex. . . . I can understand so well now that feminine attitude that implies, 'Well, if I must have a master, then the more of a master the better?' Perhaps that is the way; that Nature will not let us poor humans get away from sex, and I am merely —what is it?—an abnormality—with whiskers of inquiry sprouting from my mind. Yet I don't feel like that."

In short, so far as Mr. Wells's ideas are concerned, they are merely the ideas in the air, and there is no great audacity

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in presenting them. That is merely to blow back our own breath into our faces. But when, instead of writing about the entire Human Race, he chooses to portray some members of it, he is very successful indeed. "Modernity" is an accidental quality of his books, having no more to do with their essential worth than has the day of the month on which they were printed. And as to his boldness in the treatment of sex which so embarrassed our college professor, no man will be in the least disturbed who has not turned genteel in his very insides, and that, of course, is improbable. *The New Machiavelli, Marriage,* and his latest books are the lineal successors to many a good, spacious British novel of the past. Their kinship to these, especially to Meredith's *The Conqueror,* is far more conspicuous than any revolutionary quality. Of course they contain a good deal of sheer modern impudence, as when Plato is dismissed as a journalist and all classic learning is brushed aside, along with Christianity, and indeed everything that preceded the dates of publication. And to-day's superstitions are substituted for yesterday's superstition, and there is an absurd tendency to deify the middle of next week —not a very interesting object of worship. Yet, all said, they do create a world of fancy, and it is no harm if he rules it with his whims. His characters are very agreeable in spite of their quite superfluous Atlantean anxieties; and in this last novel the world-uplifting hero has at least the grace to say that he is not quite sure of his broadest generalizations.

F. M. Colby.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

BENDISH. By MAURICE HEWLETT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1913.

In the first three lines of *Bendish,* Mr. Hewlett unmistakably fixes the time of his story as beginning with the reign of William IV., thereby expressly disclaiming the historic identity of his hero with Lord Byron and ridding himself once for all of any obligation to strict biographical accuracy. Nevertheless, the story of the man Bendish runs so closely parallel to the career of Byron that it is not easy to assume that Mr. Hewlett is portraying merely a man of Byronic temperament. Such a study in a sense, of course, *Bendish* is; but one feels that the study might have proved better worth while were it divorced entirely from the time and circumstances suggestive of Byron's self. Doubtless, even in our own unsympathetic age, the Byronic type, however obscured and disgraced, may still exist; and as one of the extreme forms which Protean human nature tends, consistently with genius, to assume, it will never fail to inspire interest—nor merely the sort of interest, cleverly satirized by Mr. Hewlett, which was felt by the fashionable admirers of "Childe Harold." But Mr. Hewlett's half-portraiture is unsatisfactory: we are never allowed to forget Byron; we can never feel persuaded that Bendish and Byron are one.

In some particulars, the resemblance is close. Use is made of the well-known anecdote of Byron's emotion as a school-boy on first hearing his name pronounced with the newly inherited prefix. Instead of English *Bards and Scotch Reviewers,* Bendish writes the *Billiad,* which similarly electrifies the town. Like Byron's, his primary ambition is political rather than poetical; he has dreams of an ovation in the House of Lords, and the flat failure of his maiden speech plunges him into bitterness and affected disillusion. Tom Moore figures in the story as the friend of Bendish, and Leigh Hunt also plays a part. Sydney Smith, on an off day, might have written the letter attributed to him by Mr. Hewlett. The poet Gervase Poore seems intended to represent Shelley, and the common enthusiasm of the two poets for liberal ideas, as also their subsequent estrangement, is echoed in Mr. Hewlett's narrative—though, in truth, there is no record of Byron's wounding Shelley in a duel!

To look for literal truth in a narrative of this sort is to be literal-minded indeed, and it is idle to seek for over-close analogies. Our quarrel with Mr. Hewlett's narrative is not that it follows historic fact too far aloof, but rather that it treads upon truth's heels and sometimes crowds it to the wall. On the whole, *Bendish* is like most of Mr. Hew-

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lett's fiction—almost uncannily vivid at times; never quite real. The author, in fact, realizes his imaginings far better than he imagines reality. He is not a great psychologist. We would like to be made to understand a little more clearly how a poet of Byron's intellectual greatness could seem so small a man as through the mist of praise and scandal we see him. Particularly in this age, when the "Childe Harold" tradition seems dead as the sentiment that shed maudlin tears over the verses of Tom Moore, we need insight, not satire. But we are disappointed: Bendish is not a *great* egoist; beside him, the egoist of George Meredith is a titan. We are told that Bendish's mind characteristically worked by vividly conceiving in advance the desired end and then choosing his means accordingly. But this is true of all who are not madmen or doctrinaires. The peculiarity of Bendish was that he always pictured a personal triumph; in other words, vainglory was his dominant note. In the end we cannot help asking, Why all this pother about a man so petty and so uncomplex?

So far as it is taken biographically, Mr. Hewlett's novel seems unloyal to letters. As fiction it is not without charm: the persuasive style, the delicate tracery and decoration of thought, are here. There are keen strokes of satire, and the portrait of Bendish, whatever we may think of its significance, is sharply etched. Gervase Poore, as mad poet and manly man, has life. But even as fiction, *Bendish* is less rewarding than Mr. Hewlett's purely imaginative tales.

GREEK IMPERIALISM. By WILLIAM SCOTT FERGUSON, PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT HISTORY, HARVARD UNIVERSITY. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1913.

This is a book not only for scholars, but for all who like mental food "with some chaw to it." The close correlation of arguments and facts, the unmistakable clearness and refreshing variety of the style, the modern breadth of view embracing political insight as well as historic understanding, not to speak of an occasional dry appreciation of human nature, will be relished by all who enjoy a fine, vigorous play of intellect, irrespective of subject-matter. Professor Ferguson has a faculty for generalization that makes his *obiter dicta* and the incidental expansions of his theme of prime importance. No man has a keener instinct than he for true analogies between things ancient and modern or between phenomena geographically remote.

In four chapters we traverse rapidly, and with a clearly differentiated point of view, the entire classical period of Greek history. Then we sail, as in a galleon, into the troubled waters of the period following the death of Alexander, and, in spite of apprehensions, we are not storm-tossed. In the development of Greek imperialism, Professor Ferguson has found a safe and direct course from the beginning to the end of Greek political experience—a trade-wind, blowing steadily in one general direction. Thus the confused period of the Diadochi, the imperial policies of the Ptolemies, the Seleucids, the Antigonids, and the struggles of the Grecian leagues win a new intelligibility and significance. "In government as in science," writes Professor Ferguson, "the classic period was but the youthful bloom of Greece, whereas its vigorous ma-

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turity—in which it was cut down by Rome—came in the Macedonian time." The imperial tendency had from the beginning to contend vainly with the obstinate separatism of the Greek city states. Neither Athens nor Sparta, nor—least of all—Thebes, was able to convert its hegemonies into permanent empires; and when some sort of unification had become essential, with characteristic conservatism the Greek people struggled against the inevitable. According to Professor Ferguson's view there were two rival solutions of the central political problem. These were the federal systems of which the city-state was originally the unit, and the deification of rulers.

Both Plato and Aristotle almost inevitably failed to see the necessary trend of civilization: Plato because he was obsessed by the attempt "to mend city constitutions when the world required the creation of larger territorial states"; Aristotle because, although he noted in one passage of the *Politics* that "if the Greeks were united in a single polity they would be capable of universal empire," he considered such a consummation the reverse of desirable, expressly excepting the city-state from the rule that the stronger must rule the weaker. With Alexander, the work of empire-building began in earnest, and it is he who first makes use of the device of deification. Just as he required the form of salutation called *proskynesis* from his followers present in person, so he required from distant cities the acknowledgment of his godhead. Such acknowledgment, then, was "the proskynesis of cities."

Whether or not too much stress is laid by the author upon this device of deification as a means of evading and at the same time sanctioning imperial government, is the controversial point, if there is one, in the book. Certainly the expedient would seem to have been adopted in the first place by Alexander chiefly for the sake of its effect upon his Asiatics, and it is perhaps a question whether in Hellas proper it did him more harm or good. If the rough Macedonian soldiers could joke about "the son of Jupiter," it is hard to think of the cultivated Athenian of the period as being much impressed, and at a later date Demetrius Poliorcetes indulged in some not very seemly jesting about his "sister Athene." But perhaps the want of reverence in particular cases is exactly what proves the value of the thing in its more general significance; for the deification of rulers would not be the first or last device which men have resolved to take seriously in a public sense, while privately mocking at it.

Professor Ferguson requires us to use some historic imagination—to view the development of thought on political subjects more or less apart from the views held at a particular time by any one thinker. The philosophy of history is not an easy subject in which to reach assured convictions, yet Professor Ferguson's conclusions are not merely suggestive, but satisfactorily convincing. He pilots us safely and with an exhilarating sense of progress, through a period full of dangers to the inexperienced navigator.

THE MESSAGE OF GREEK ART. By H. H. POWERS, Ph.D., PRESIDENT OF THE BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1913.

Without professing to write what may be regarded in any sense as a

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history of Greek art, Dr. Powers has produced an excellent tonic book suitable for general reading and not unfitted for use in colleges and secondary schools. Sensible and timely is the plea for the value of things Greek as distinguished from a knowledge of the Greek language. Truly, Homer in translation is little like Homer in the original; but long and dusty is the road that leads through *mi*-verbs and manifold rules of syntax to a real appreciation of Greek style, and few there be that travel it to the end. Lamentably few, we may believe; yet it is unquestionably true that no linguistic barrier should be raised between the student and the lessons that Greek life has to teach.

The scientific preoccupation of our age, Dr. Powers believes, has led to a great deal of art-study which brings results of much the same nature as a recruiting officer's examination of an applicant for enlistment. The officer acquires a sort of anthropological knowledge of the man which the man's nearest friends do not possess; but his *acquaintance* with the applicant is nil. Acquaintance, as the word is understood between friends, should be the immediate quest in a study of Greek art. "Such a quest," continues Dr. Powers, "is not unscientific, for it allows the fullest place to exact knowledge, but it involves some things in addition which exact knowledge cannot furnish, just as a fireside acquaintance with a person involves things quite outside the measurement of the recruit."

In this spirit the whole book is effectively written. In his enthusiasm for Greek culture the author acknowledges himself a bit of an extremist: he avows that he is one of those who are inclined to attribute to the Greeks an absolute intellectual supremacy, considering that in those matters in which we seem to have bested them our superiority is merely a superiority of *plant* and of accumulated knowledge. With such statements as that "in Athens, for a century or two, life scored its most notable successes," we may have little quarrel; but when we meet the assertion that "Greek slavery was a thing of sweetness and light compared to our own," we shall think perhaps of that rural client of Lysias, who, after causing one of his slaves to be bound and thrown into a ditch, where the man subsequently died, drove off to town without apparent consciousness of having done anything reprehensible or even unusual.

Perhaps, again, the author speaks with too much confidence of social conditions in the prehistoric Grecian world, adopting without reserve the view that the Homeric poems picture a state of affairs in which the magnificence of an overthrown Ægean civilization is artlessly contrasted with the rude pioneer habits of the conquering race. Yet in the sort of brief, eloquent discussion which is all that Dr. Powers attempts, it is of course impracticable to view every side of a question. The book is written with imagination and verve, and, this side of the merely fanciful, nothing could be farther than its method and treatment from the dry-as-dust and perfunctory. The style runs to the racy idioms of every day; barbarous technicalities are dropped and translations of Greek terms are preferred to mere transliterations.

On the whole, Dr. Powers succeeds in his attempt to show the arts —pottery, sculpture, and to some extent architecture—with civilization as a background. His treatment of such mooted points as the painting of

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Greek statues is governed by common sense and a readiness to see that the Greeks, for all their subtlety, were not so super-subtle as some of their apologists; nor does his admiration for Greek intellect lead him into approval of Polyclitus and his canon. His discussion of such general questions as that relating to the nude in art shows a general knowledge of artistic conventions coupled with an independence of thought that renounces mere studio traditions. Moreover, his frequent assaults upon literal-mindedness are refreshing.

The Message of Greek Art is adequately illustrated with pictures of more or less familiar specimens of art and architecture, from the Lion Gate of Mycenæ to the Farnese Bull and the Laocoön.

A Short History of Art. By Julia B. De Forrest. Edited and Revised by Charles Henry Caffin. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1913.

Doubtless revision will prolong the life of a generally sound, useful, and moderately readable, but not very inspiring book. The revision, we may conjecture, has been more thorough as regards the latter than the earlier part of the treatise. At any rate, in the opening chapters some rather strange-sounding sentences stand. The Trojan War is referred to as a determinable period, and "800 years after the death of Theseus" is regarded as a satisfactory date.

Such minor details are not, to be sure, of much consequence in a history of art; but the book shares in a defect of most histories of the kind, from M. Reinach's little *Apollo* (which is little more than an admirable catalogue) to works of more pretension than the one under consideration: the treatise is almost purely descriptive; there is little of the evolution of art—little of cause and effect, and that little far from conclusive. We are not satisfied with such explanations as that regarding the characteristic differences between Egyptian and Mesopotamian sculpture: "The need of holding what they [the Mesopotamians] had gained against others obliged them to keep themselves in a constant condition of vigor and alertness. Thus the type of figure represented in their sculpture differs from that of the Egyptians, being characterized by muscular development and more energy of action." This, if not far-fetched, seems certainly inadequate. Again the fascinating study of cause and effect in Greek architecture receives very scant treatment. Allowance must be made, of course, for the limitations imposed by the cyclopedic scope of the work, yet it seems that the relation between art and life might have been more clearly brought out here and there. In reading, for instance, of the Pre-Raphaelites as described in this volume, one would hardly guess what a stir and rummage in the land was caused by this school. Throughout the book, the descriptions are characterized by a kind of bare, dry adequacy, and statements about artists and their work are eminently conservative, not to say conventional. By way of offset, there is considerable quotation from good authorities, historical or critical, though the source of the quotation is not always clearly indicated.

The book has an abundant selection of fairly representative illustrations. It is a trustworthy and comprehensive treatise—by no means an ideal history of art.

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THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO. By GEORGE LOCKHART RIVES. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1913.

This volume comprises an account as nearly complete as it would be humanly possible to construct it of the relations of the United States and Mexico between the years 1821 and 1848. It is the history of a brief period written with painstaking thoroughness and infinite detail. To trace the numberless little contributing streams of cause and influence that led to important events is, beyond a certain point, neither a very hopeful nor an immediately profitable task. General conclusions are hard to find in the two volumes of this exhaustive treatise, and it seems that extreme detail in this case can lead only to the determination of purely theoretic rights and wrongs, and can give little assistance in exhibiting large tendencies. Certainly the history of Mexico, during the period treated seems to have been, politically speaking, the proverbial "history of kites and crows," and one finds little profit in the attempt to follow it. At the same time the narrative throws some light upon social conditions both in Mexico and in Texas, and such men as Austin, Poinsett, and picturesque Sam Houston are characterized and given their due places as effective forces. Mr. Rives has performed a difficult task with conscientious thoroughness; he has given permanent form to much floating material and established many things as matters of record. His book has its value, but in perusing it the unprofessional student of history will find his vision of the woods somewhat obscured by the trees. It is difficult to feel much interest in negotiations that fell through without having any clearly traceable result, or in the comparatively obscure men who engaged in them.

THE PANAMA GATEWAY. By JOSEPH BUCKLIN BISHOP. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1913.

Pride in the completion of the Panama Canal is a sentiment that may now be regarded as universally felt throughout the country. Conflicts of opinion regarding the most available route, controversies as to the type of canal to be chosen, doubts about our conduct toward Colombia, and like differences, have been laid to rest; and probably no one wishes to revive them Under the circumstances, Mr. Bishop's book, which may be looked upon as in some sort the official account, is perhaps the best, as for many reasons the official account should be.

Mr. Bishop is not an engineer; he is an excellent historian. The early history of the Isthmus is covered with just the proper brevity and point. The author has really delved into the records, and upon good, recent authority, he corrects long-received errors regarding the old city of Panama. Much the same may be said of the account of the French enterprise. No one can read of French machinery abandoned and covered with the tangled growth of the jungle without wanting to know something of De Lesseps and the men who worked for him. And our curiosity is satisfied. To the incredible mismanagement of the French company, to the heroism of the men in the field, and to the many grim or farcical incidents which marked the progress of the work, the author does ample justice. Not only are the facts essential as throwing into

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proper perspective American methods and success, but the inherent interest of these facts fairly cries for brief popular presentation.

What is set in strongest relief is the advance in hygienic knowledge which made possible the almost complete extirpation of yellow fever on the Isthmus and the control of malaria. With some reason, therefore, the author dwells at considerable length upon the heroic services of those men—Lazear, Kissinger, and the rest—who sacrificed life or health that the requisite knowledge might be acquired. The importance of this knowledge may be gathered from the fact that, according to a conservative estimate, two out of three of the white men who went to the Isthmus in the service of the French company died of yellow fever. "When Jenner discovered vaccination," remarks Mr. Bishop, "he received from the British Government grants amounting to above $150,000, and also a subscription fund of $35,000 raised in India. This was a hundred years ago, and the discovery, scarcely more valuable to human welfare than that of yellow-fever transmission, was made without risk of life to the discoverer." With justifiable warmth, the author contrasts our own Government's treatment of the yellow-fever martyrs, to whose families were granted pensions amounting to not more in any case than $125 a month.

The part of the canal work of which Mr. Bishop as secretary of the Commission had closest and most technical knowledge was the human machine, and he gives us an impressive conception of how this marvelous organization was built up and kept running. Quite convincingly also he emphasizes the value, proved after many experiments, of one-man control. In the Canal Zone, it seems, was exemplified, for once—not socialism or paternalism, as the author is at some pains to show—but the rule of the ideal "benevolent despot," and the "square deal" ruled supreme.

On the other hand, if the book has a serious fault, that fault is the comparative failure to make us realize the building of the canal as the progress of a great engineering struggle. Much of what the general reader wants to know about the engineering side of the canal's construction is here, but the information is somewhat scattered, and until nearly the end of the book one gets no sufficiently clear idea of the canal as a whole. But with this qualification the book is excellent as giving us a fairly complete comprehension of the great achievement in its length, breadth, and depth. The volume contains a clear map showing the completed canal, though none of the zone before the big ditch was dug.

THE PHILIPPINE PROBLEM, 1898-1913. By FREDERICK CHAMBERLIN. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1913.

Mr. Chamberlin's book, which is written in very clear, direct "United States," gives a brief, informing résumé of what has been accomplished in the Philippine Islands under our rule, and discusses the question of continued occupation. The particulars of Spanish misrule may be shortly passed over. The early trade restrictions, the government traffic in opium and in lotteries, the officials sent out under the principle that "a colonial official was going to be corrupt anyway, and that it was a

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waste of government finances to pay him a stipend—it is an old story." We have "changed all that." Apparently the only aftermath of the old régime is the question arising out of the possession of the Friar Lands. In 1898, the members of various religious orders, intensely hated by the natives, were compelled to flee for their lives, and land to the amount of four hundred thousand acres passed out of their control. Since the Friars were forbidden by the rules of their orders to sue in the secular courts, there was no way under our laws by which they could regain possession, nor was it desirable that they should do so, since "the most cursory investigation shows that every abuse which finally led to the two revolutions of 1896 and 1898 was charged by the natives as a whole to the Friars." In the upshot we acquired the lands for $7,227,000 gold. This sum, which now constitutes more than half the bonded indebtedness of the Philippine government is, in Mr. Chamberlin's view, an unnecessary burden. "Could these lands be handled in a business-like fashion, it is very likely that they would meet the bonds. . . . But it has been impossible to handle them in that manner; they are in demand for sugar lands, taken as a whole; but owing to politics, laws have been passed preventing any corporation from acquiring more than twenty-five hundred acres and any individual over forty acres of public lands." On these facts is based the dispute between those who wish the reduction of the debt through the immediate sale of the lands to the highest bidders, and those who think it necessary to protect them from the sugar trust and from exploitation—"whatever," says Mr. Chamberlin, "that may mean."

Of especial novelty and interest is the author's analysis of Tagalog human nature. The Tagalogs, he says, are Malays, as pure as any others. As untouched by education before the Americans took them in hand, they were altogether improvident. They worked only long enough to be sure of the next meal. They were fatalists by nature, which made them fanatics in battle, like all Malays. "When anything happened, no matter how serious it might be, the Tagalog never bewailed, but just said it was the will of fate and went about his affairs as if nothing at all had occurred. When angry, he was prone to lose utterly his self-control and to destroy everything within his reach. . . . He was extremely affectionate to his family in certain respects, yet when his house was on fire he paused only to save his fighting-cock, leaving his household to look out for its own safety. He would steal from his best friend." Finally, "in the power of deduction, the Anglo-Saxon boy of five is immeasurably more advanced than the average Tagalog man of mature years." Working with such a population, the Philippine government has accomplished wonders, by the correction of shocking sanitary conditions, the conquest of disease, the making of better roads, and the establishment of a practical school system. The introduction of American athletics, and notably of baseball, has proved highly successful. It is pleasant to read of the work of the schools and of the employment of native teachers in the primary grades.

The fact remains, however, that the number of registered voters in the Philippines is only a little over three per cent. of the total population, and it is on behalf of this minority that independence for the islands is demanded. The *gente illustrada* are no more Tagalogs than the ruling class in Mexico are Yaquis, and in the event of separation

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from the United States the natives would be as completely at the mercy of the cultured few as they have been in times past. It is for this reason, argues Mr. Chamberlin, that the upper class oppose unrestricted sale of the Friar Lands, thinking that the investment of large amounts of American capital would indefinitely put off the day of complete independence. They have gravely urged, the author tells us, that since the number of the educated class in the islands is sufficient to fill all the offices twice over, thus forming a party of "Ins" and a party of "Outs," the country is ripe for self-government. Finally, without analyzing international questions in detail, Mr. Chamberlin gives them due weight in his discussion of the Philippine problem of 1913.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE PRESENT IN GERMANY. By OSWALD KULPE, PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF BONN. TRANSLATED BY MAUD LYALL PATRICK AND G. F. W. PATRICK. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1913.

By "the philosophy of the present," Professor Külpe decidedly does *not* mean new fashions and fugitive tendencies. It is not really true, he tells us, that philosophy in recent years has lost caste by "descending to the lower region of investigation in the sphere of the special sciences." On the contrary, the "Queen of the Sciences" has gained rather than lost by ceasing to assert a divine right. Accordingly, the real distinction to-day is not so much between the new philosophy and the old, as between the more superficial and popular tendencies, of which we hear most, and the profounder work which still goes on. "So it has come to pass that the philosophical movement of the present, in so far as it is strictly scientific, is not widely known or fully appreciated."

As between schools, the old distinctions still hold, it appears. There are Positivists and Materialists; Naturalists and Idealists, as perhaps there will always be. But all four schools now "stand under the determining influence which the marvelous development of the special sciences, especially the natural sciences, exerted upon the thought of the nineteenth century." Modern philosophy, then, conceives of its mission somewhat as follows: "It supplements the special sciences by a fundamental and comprehensive logic and theory of knowledge, by an amplifying and perfecting metaphysics, and finally by the undertaking of special investigations carried out in the spirit and by the methods of the special sciences." It aims, moreover, to construct a new theory of life and the world—a theory joining on to the special sciences where they end and connected with them through the inductive method. The chief schools are briefly and clearly characterized. Positivism renounces a supplementary metaphysics, and confines itself to logic and epistemology, thereby distinguishing itself from the three remaining schools, which endeavor, each in its own way, to construct theories of the world and life. Again the first three schools differ from idealism in that they regard the discovery in life of an ideal meaning corresponding to our religious needs as neither possible nor necessary. Materialism and Naturalism, which both aspire to be philosophies of pure reality, stand to each other somewhat in the relation of a theory and its application.

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Following this general outline, Professor Külpe next takes up and criticizes prominent representatives of the four schools in succession. Because of a lack of space in which to win for a particular philosophic view that sympathy which is necessary for complete understanding, his summaries of the doctrines of various philosophers seem a little bare and crabbed. More insight is gained through his exceedingly keen and searching criticisms.

Ernst Mach, who holds that all science is a mere "portrayal of facts in thought," and that the doctrine of "necessary relations" belongs to a fetich-like metaphysics, is opposed with the argument that "we enlarge experience in thought, and by its means." Eugen Dühring's "principle of determinate number," with its corollaries regarding first causes and fresh beginnings, is found to be an insufficient key to the world-riddle. Haeckel is criticized in the familiar way—on the ground of the fundamental confusion arising from the substitution of matter and energy for matter and spirit, or matter and mind. Against Nietzsche it is urged that even if we admit as true the account which he gives of the origin of religion and of the moral teachings of Christianity, it by no means follows that those convictions or principles are in themselves incorrect.

The new idealism seems to open up a more encouraging prospect, yet at the very outset we encounter Fechner's doctrine that not only the earth, but all the celestial bodies, have souls! Lotze believes that reality is merely a matter of "standing in relation," and, unlike Mach, he assigns to the unity of law a fundamental reality—a reality, however, which remains unproved. To most readers Hartmann's doctrine of the Unconscious will seem a mere juggling with abstract conceptions.

In Wundt, Professor Külpe first finds "the process of approximating and assimilating the methods and results of the natural sciences brought to a provisional conclusion—a conclusion, indeed, which may for a long time serve as an example." Yet Wundt's belief that the *will* expresses our being most exactly, and that the world therefore consists of will-units, is subjected to criticism. So complex a thing is the ego that "there exists no necessity for considering one element as more fundamental than another." Moreover, "just how from the reciprocal action of pure wills *ideas* may arise, it is difficult to see."

The reading of Professor Külpe's book may be taken as an effective and not too drastic antidote to the popular and persuasive philosophies of the hour.

PEDAGOGICAL ANTHROPOLOGY. By MARIA MONTESSORI, M.D. TRANSLATED BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1913.

In this age, it is the tendency of science to reach out and join hands on the one side with philosophy and on the other with the physical and intellectual needs of daily life. Several sciences—notably, psychology—have greatly increased their scope, widening at the same time the conception of their respective missions; and now Anthropology, through its connection with Pedagogy, attains a fresh value.

There is, however, in the nature of things a counter-tendency which limits each department of knowledge to its own more or less remote or

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visionary aims. Philosophy still remains preoccupied with metaphysical problems, and science, by nature not a whit more practical, tends to lose itself in descriptive details. Whatever may be our enthusiasm for science as an intellectual and moral guide, it cannot be said as yet that we are much benefited as to our minds and characters by a knowledge of the physiology of the brain; and the question of school discipline, which undoubtedly falls within the field of the new anthropology, refuses to be connected too closely with theories regarding man as a whole.

To say that Mme. Montessori seems hardly qualified for the task of reinterpreting our views of life in the light of the new Anthropology, or of at once bringing to bear upon practical interests the whole weight of the science's varied content, is not to disparage her remarkable work or to underrate her influence upon contemporary thought. But we may criticize her book as slightly incoherent, and we may feel that her conclusions scarcely justify the quantity of scientific data she traverses. As scientific philosophy, what can be said of a passage like the following, which occurs in the section entitled "Abnormal Types of Stature and General Principles of Biological Ethics"? "The whole life of the Chinese," writes Mme. Montessori, "is founded upon duty: fidelity to religion, to the laws, to the spirit of *sacrifice,* which always finds the Chinese citizen ready to die for his ethics and for his country are strong characteristics of these invincible men. . . . Evolution ought to be free; but instead, such a type is necessarily in bondage to *duty,* which stops its progress. Accordingly, the civilization of China remains the civilization of China; it cannot invade the world." Nor does the progress of eugenics seem to justify as yet the joyful proclamation of a new sexual ethics.

Over-enthusiastic generalization, together with a mass of not strictly correlated details, are what we should expect to find in a new science, and they are found in *Pedagogical Anthropology.* Nevertheless, the point of view of Mme. Montessori's book is progressive and inspiring: many of her dicta are unquestionably sound. Reviewing the content of her science, she makes use of the advanced ideas of such men as De Giovanni and Lombroso, whose work, aside from the theory of atavism, which Nordau pushed to such ludicrous extremes, has been of the utmost significance. By far the largest section of her book is devoted to an exposition of the general principles of biology, craniology, the forms and type of stature, and biometry in general. Of more real value than most classifications is that which divides men into two types with respect to the "essential stature"—that is, the length of the trunk in relation to the total height. So different are the aptitudes and susceptibilities of the long-limbed "makroscele" from those of the long-bodied "brachyscele" that he requires not only a different regimen, but also, in a sense, a different code of ethics. In this part of the book, every sort of physiological peculiarity that may affect the welfare of the individual, from infantilism to flat feet, is enumerated and discussed. There follows a shorter but important section devoted to methods of measurement, the compilation of life histories, and the handling of statistics.

In *Pedagogical Anthropology,* Mme. Montessori certainly accomplishes her purpose of helping "to prepare the way," and there are passages in which she speaks like a truly inspired prophetess.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

APPRECIATION

FALL RIVER, MASS.

SIR,—The October number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is one of the richest and most moving in its intellectual and genetic power of all issues of magazines which have ever come under my eye.

I say this, with all restraint, in spite of the fact that I am a gormand of books—what the old Romans called a *helluo librorum*—and skim or suck the contents of many a magazine, in the course of a year, American and foreign.

The October number of the old NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is a credit not only to editor and contributors, but to the American people. I am glad that there is at least one editor who holds fast to the almost obsolete tradition that there is an American public, a reading constituency which is receptive to the stimulus of noble thoughts, nobly expressed, and which has not been washed out in the suds of feminism and impressionist vapor, which are the thin basis of so much of present-day literature.

I was much impressed by your fine article on Asquith. How could you cram so much thought, such an intimate word-picture of a powerful, energetic, compelling, intellectual personality, into so small space? It is a wonderful word-portrait of a most effective statesman, whose surpassing ability is hardly recognized by his own countrymen.

I have just read Trevelyan's *John Bright*, deeply interesting to me, as I enjoyed a slight acquaintance with that splendid survival of the Puritan conscience and master of emotional eloquence. Orator, fervid-glowing, pictorial, with a sense of the Hebrew prophetic instinct, Bright certainly was. He was touched with a sensitive emotionalism which Asquith lacks. The gods do not give with both hands. But Bright, or probably Gladstone or Lincoln, could never have carried Great Britain through the storm and stress of our complex times, as the steady hand, analytic brain, immense self-restraint, enormous personal power of Asquith have ridden the waves.

Your article is one of the completest of short character-studies, "rammed with thought."

There are other articles in your October number to which I would gladly refer. Some of them, also yours, I shall read more than once.

MELTON REED.

THE ENGLISH AND MR. BRYAN

NEW YORK.

SIR,—I've returned home to find some copies of THE REVIEW waiting, and have just finished reading the attack made by Sydney Brooks upon Mr. Bryan in the July issue. Mr. Bryan is not one of my favorites and we do not stand for his political fads, nor know him personally, but I must say Mr. Brooks's unkind article cut me to the quick. I feel *personally* aggrieved. It certainly is a *very cruel* article. One, of course, knows that people must be abused and ridiculed, and one expects anything from daily papers, but on the pages of a respectable monthly, just that kind of abuse is a surprise. In various phrasings, on nearly every page, is Mr. Bryan called in effect a hopeless, brainless fool.

Not only this, but Mr. Brooks seems to take delight in sneering allusions to America and Americans through every page. Of course we are quite accustomed to this sort of thing from a certain class of English, and we ascribe it to devouring petty jealousy, but the supercilious assumption of superiority by

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this newspaper man is as ridiculous as it is offensive; we could let it pass for what it is worth. His brutal attack on Mr. Bryan, however, is like a knock-down blow to any man or woman of nice feeling.

We deplore the fact that you have allowed these cruel insults to stain the pages of this REVIEW, many of the articles of which we enjoy much.

L. H. UNDERWOOD, M.D.

"An English View of Mr. Bryan" was what Mr. Sydney Brooks aimed to present, and we are convinced that he did so with substantial accuracy. Because that judgment does not conform to American opinion or to our own does not to our mind constitute a sound reason for refusing publication. On the contrary, what can be more enlightening or helpful than occasionally to "see oursel's as others see us"?—EDITOR.

LIFE ON THE PRAIRIES

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

SIR,—This letter is just to ask you a question which was suggested to my mind after reading "The Man in the Moon" in the July number of the REVIEW. Optimistic as your article is, it nevertheless sets one thinking about the conditions of modern life so systematically and hopefully explained.

We people of America boast that our great country is the "Melting Pot" of the world, that the vast acres of fertile land stretch out beseechingly to help the poor and oppressed to a better living. We welcome in all our harbors and cities people of every nation and—that is all. They reach New York, and, lured by the maze of life and apparent gaiety, stay on and on. The result is—our present struggle, not only in New York, but in every city of any size, to relieve the suffering in certain congested districts.

What should be done, and what is being done to a certain small extent, is to urge these strangers out to the land; to take up acres of it and to farm them. Ah—but "to urge" are not the right words, for this cannot be all that our country should do for them. I happened to be riding in a day-coach from Montana through Wyoming and down into South Dakota this summer. At some little place in Wyoming a man and woman and five children got on the train. The man was perhaps thirty-five years old. The woman was tall and fine-looking, hardly more than twenty-nine or thirty years old. The children—three boys and two girls—ranged from nine to two years. They carried with them all their possessions, two battered satchels and a large pasteboard box. They were going, so the mother told me, "back home, cl'ar to Missouri." This meant a two days' and two nights' journey in a *day-coach*.

"Yes," she said, "we started out four years ago, with our oldest boy, to take up land in Wyoming. Every one told it was fine, and we allowed we'd make our claim good. But we didn't." Each winter we were there it seemed as though it was longer and harder, and each summer the crops seemed smaller. We hadn't any money to buy stock with and so we had to hire a team to do the ploughing! Last winter was the hardest of the four. Our claim was eighteen miles from the village, and the snow piled up in great drifts; some were nineteen feet deep. It took my husband and two men three days to go to the village. They had to go; you see, our provisions had given out and the neighbors' cattle were starving. We borrowed among the neighbors all around, but at last everything gave out."

Even in summer their hopes were blighted in an hour by the terrible hail-storms that made weeds of a field of promising beans.

These are but two of the incidents which this woman told me, illustrating their hopeless struggle with the elements. What is the solution? How can we help these people to get a firm hold upon their acres so that the incentive to work may lie in possession? The people who have succeeded in claiming land did it years ago, or came West with enough money to get along without the profits of the first few years.

If you have ever ridden across North Dakota in the summer and seen the sunset in purple radiance on the rolling prairies and the lazy cattle grazing on the short green stubble, you will be impressed by the vastness of America more than by climbing the highest mountain peak. The quiet land seems to hold every hope for possession and yet—in the terribleness of a tempest it seems angry with itself for luring into its wilderness the humble folk who now must battle with the wrath of God.

CATHERINE M. TAINST.

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